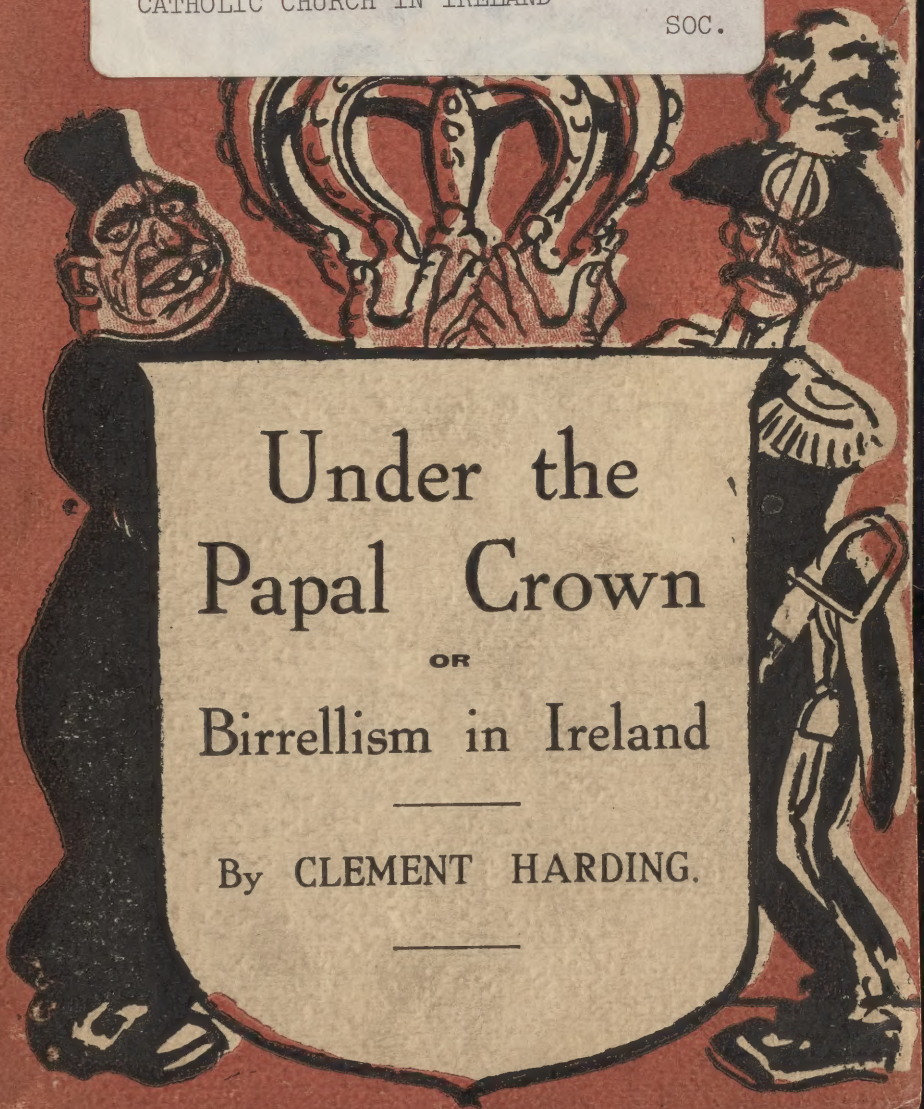
PRICE ONE SHILLING NETT.

Dear Mr. Harding,

I have carefully read your MS, "Under the Papal Crown" and I think it is certain to prove useful. It is brilliantly written and I cannot but admire your style. Personally I agree with all your views on the subject.—WALTER WALSH.

CATHOLIC CHURCH IN IRELAND
SOC.



Under the Papal Crown

OR

Birrellism in Ireland

By CLEMENT HARDING.

[illegible] STREET, LONDON, E.C.

DA
962
.H373
1914
IRISH

#3544

503

Under the Papal Crown.

Under the Papal Crown;

OR,

'Birrelism' in Ireland.

BY

CLEMENT HARDING

London:
DRANE'S,
DANEGELD HOUSE,
82a FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

LONDON
HENRY J. DRANE, Farringdon Street, E.C.

CONTENTS

Chapter	Page
I.—IRISH DISAFFECTION	7
II.—THE PROTESTANT BISHOP OF KILMORE ON THE STATE OF IRISH PROTESTANTS	9
III.—DR. ELLIOTT'S WORDS OF WARNING TO ENGLAND	20
IV.—TREASONABLE UTTERANCES BY FATHER KAVANAGH AND MAJOR M^cBRIDE	27
V.—CLAN-NA-GAEL SOCIETY IN AMERICA	31
VI.—IRISH HATRED—MEETING OF THE DONORS OF THE DOLLARS	34
VII.—THE ALLIES OF THE LIBERAL PARTY	36
VIII.—HOME-RULE FINANCE	39
IX.—DR. CHADWICK, PROTESTANT BISHOP OF DERRY, AND THE WOMEN OF ULSTER	41
X.—ANARCHY IN IRELAND	43
XI.—THE 'BIRRELL' UNIVERSITY	59
XII.—HOME RULE	80

UNDER THE PAPAL CROWN.

CHAPTER I

IRISH DISAFFECTION.

In the Gilhooley Memorial Hall, Sligo, on December 30th, 1907, Dr. Clancy, Roman Catholic Bishop of Elphin, paid the following tribute to the memory of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, ex-convict and Fenian leader :—

" He (the Irish rebel) stands forward as the embodiment of principles, of which, no doubt, many may question the orthodoxy, but which, nevertheless, will find an echo in many hearts. We are wont to think of Owen Roe O'Neill, Sarsfield, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmet, and other such men, who shed their blood for Ireland, in this connexion ; and I think we should be untrue to our Irish nature, if we did not see much to admire, and, when circumstances demand it, much to imitate in the career of such men. They were all rebels, and all honour to them who stood forth in those difficult times as the embodiment of unselfish patriotism. Such a man was John Boyle

O'Reilly; and it is a blessing and a boon to have strong characters like him. If we ask why it was that Mr. Devlin selected as the subject of his lecture the life and labours of John Boyle O'Reilly, the answer is not far to seek. We nourish our souls on the sentiments of the great ones of the past; and there can be no more suitable intellectual food for the self-sacrificing patriots of the present day than the spirit which breathes from the life and labours and writings of the whole-souled patriots of the past."

In a letter to a friend, dated May 22nd, 1884, John Boyle O'Reilly paid the following tribute to the memory of Joe Brady, the infamous murderer of Lord Frederick Cavendish:—"No matter whether we agree with his principles or not, the man, Brady, who gave his life for them, is a man to be honoured and remembered. All Irishmen did not agree with Joe Brady's way of righting a robber's wrong, but all the patriots on earth must respect him."

CHAPTER II

THE PROTESTANT BISHOP OF KILMORE ON THE STATE OF IRISH PROTESTANTS

The annual meeting of Elphin Diocesan Synod was held at Boyle, on September 9th, 1908, the Bishop of Kilmore, Ardagh, and Elphin (Dr. Elliott) presiding.

The President, in his address to the Synod, said :—When we consider the circumstances of the country and the prospects to which they point, it is hard to free ourselves of gloomy anticipations. Still we gain nothing by shutting our eyes to the facts, or excluding the subject from our minds. The country is passing through a crisis : it is in the throes of a revolution—bloodless, thank God ; but, nevertheless, bound to effect radical changes in the social, and possibly in the political, constitution of the nation. It is impossible that those changes, already begun, should not affect our Church, which numerically forms a small part of the population. Political agitation, social disturbance, and religious animosity are nothing new in Ireland.

CONTINUITY OF IRISH AGITATION

History shows that one chapter of such things had hardly ended when another began. Living men can recall not a few of them, extending from the Repeal movement of O'Connell to the present disreputable condition of the country. But formerly there was always something in our favour, and we were encouraged to hope that, after a season, peace and happiness, truth and justice would be restored. Now we can discern no silver lining to the cloud that overshadows us. I am not a politician by any means. I fear I have little respect for party politics, but I can remember more than sixty years of Irish administration of one sort or other. And one thing strikes me as a marked difference between the troubles of former times and these of to-day. My recollection is that whichever party was in office the Government was on the side of law and order. Lord Clarendon, a Liberal Viceroy, used those words in a court of justice in defence of the measures he adopted to govern the country. "*Now it can hardly be denied the Government is indifferent to law and order. Outrage, crime, and barbarism of an illegal character are not defended, but they are excused; they are apologised for, and explained as a minimum of wrong.*" We can understand Nationalist M.P.'s and Land League Churchmen justifying or making light of the systematic disorganisation of society, but it seems strange that a man holding office should notice it parenthetically in his speech as "disorder of some sort in a few places." Even

in Fenian times good citizens should not lose heart, because they felt that any struggle must be short and decided on the side of the Union. "*Now the feeling is that a down grade is winked at by our rulers, which must, if continued, drive out of Ireland the people that good government would most like to retain, and give an impetus to lawlessness and discontent.*"

THE CONTRACTING PROCESS

If one takes a broad view of the situation, he will regret it on national or Imperial grounds; but we in Ireland are compelled to put the alloy of selfishness into our patriotism, because we must be the first to suffer from the rising tide of evil principles and evil doings. In the middle ages there was a form of punishment in use to which in spirit we have been subjected. A prisoner was placed in rooms large enough for exercise. For a while he was comfortable, if not happy. One morning it seemed to him that the room seemed smaller than usual. He dismissed the thought, but in a few days it returned with greater force, the room was certainly becoming smaller, and the contracting process went on day by day, until he was crushed to death by the embracing walls. This is the fate with which we are threatened. Our privileges have been taken away, our influences weakened, our numbers reduced, our friends impoverished, our opinions disregarded, and our voice overborne by the shout of the multitude, because we are locally, but only locally, in a minority. If all this

was part of a readjustment, intended to bring about an even balance of rights and privileges in every part of the community, complaint would be unreasonable. But the even balance is long since passed, and, *if things proceed in the same direction, Protestant Unionists will find no place in rural Ireland.*

GRANDMOTHERLY LEGISLATION

A grandmotherly legislature is making a new survey of the land, laying it out in portions for people who, as a class, have neither capital, intelligence, nor energy—a plan which, if completed, must exclude us from natural expansion, and the exercise of industry or enterprise in our native land. The temptation to seek new homes in other lands is increased by the lawlessness to which our people are exposed. I know of cases in which terrorism is the only word that expresses their condition. Our farmers where the law of the League prevails are placed in a dilemma—persecution on the one hand and demoralisation on the other. What wonder if the latter sometimes prevails! If a man is to avoid trouble he must dissemble. He is asked to subscribe to the League funds, and he is denounced if he refuses. He is expected to attend their meeting, and to assist in boycotting. A Protestant shopkeeper has been known to refuse goods to customers boycotted by the League. What was his excuse when friends remonstrated with him? "I pity the man, but if I served him I should be boycotted myself." I do

not defend the dissimulation which is sometimes practised, but as St. Peter at one time dissembled under less trying circumstances, we must make some allowance for our friends, whose living, if not their lives, is at the mercy of those, who in practice form the government of Ireland to-day.

BOYCOTTING PRESSURE

To illustrate the pressure put on our co-religionists in the country, let me paraphrase something that actually took place. Suppose a great Nationalist leader holds a meeting on Sunday morning, almost at the doors of a few farmers. In his speech he warns those men that the sooner they leave their farms the better, for he adds that "go they must." Suppose, further, that a Government Department offers these men a sum of money, if they act on the Nationalist's suggestion, and give up their holdings; and, lastly, suppose the clergyman comes—who may be the Secretary of the League also—and advises them in a friendly way—as he says, for their own good to accept the money and go—if this takes place what is likely to happen? Between fear on the one side and pecuniary inducement on the other, both supplemented by good, natural advice, the spirit of no surrender is exorcised, *and at the next census-taking there will be fewer Protestants in that parish.* We learn something about such doings from the newspapers, but *the half is never published.* The victims endure in silence, not reporting it for fear of worse treatment. Not long since the facts of a

boycott were published. The details, which were abominably odious, did not appear, for the sufferer said that to give them would be sure to stir up more ill-feeling against him. I lately learned of a piece of studied barbarity. It is well known in the neighbourhood, and, though deep indignation was felt, none had the courage to make it public.

FEW DEFECTIONS AMONG PROTESTANTS

It would be impossible, in the midst of such evil influences, that some of our Church members should not be demoralised, *but the actual perversions to Nationalism are very few.* We are sure to be reminded that this or that public man amongst them is a Protestant. Sometimes the men are silly enough to proclaim it themselves, *but as far as we know their Protestantism never counted for much,* and now it sleeps very soundly in the shadow of their politics and their disloyalty. Taking all the circumstances into account we have reason to be thankful that defections amongst our people have been so few. For at least a generation they have been living in the midst of a seditious community. They were only a handful amongst a multitude—sometimes as few as one family in a townland. All this time they have witnessed uproar and discontent, disloyalty of sentiment, and frequent lawless acts of a gross character, with this remarkable feature, that the wrongdoing generally proved the winning side. What did not our people witness? Simulated poverty, wholesale misrepresentation, breach of contract,

defiance of law; yet all this had its reward. What wonder would it be that our friends, seeing this, learned the shocking lesson that it does not pay in Ireland to be honest or truthful or loyal.

THE LAND LEAGUE AND THE CHURCH OF IRELAND

The agitators are always ready to declare that the element of religion has no place in their proceedings; but there are too many facts to the contrary to permit us to be deceived by that assurance. Recent matters leave no room for that pretence. Unfortunately for our Church, it advanced a large sum on lands in a certain county. Owing to the agrarian revolution, the money lent could not be repaid, and the lands in question became the property of the Church. In order to derive something from the estate, the Church Body attempted to let it for grazing on the eleven-months' system. The forces of the Land League were called into operation, and the local graziers were deterred from making proposals. In consequence, the lands had to be announced for sale by auction. The Land League brigade was again in evidence, and there was no bidding. Now, if the League wished to free itself from the charge of religious persecution, here was an opportunity. It was well known that these lands were the property of the Church of Ireland. I have no doubt it was also known, that in accepting them in lieu of the money lent upon them the Church sustained serious loss; and it was further known that additional loss, caused by waste of crops, must also fall upon the Church. Another

fact must be told to give this action its full measure of baseness. At the very time that the League was acting in this way the Church Body was in correspondence with the Estates Commissioners for the sale of the land, which, of course, meant that in a short time the lands would be divided and given to the friends of the League. This being so, how can we account for the boycotting of the sales? Evidently to put pressure upon the owners of the property to part with it at any price. This, I believe, is the real explanation of the action of the Land League in all such cases; and it is instructive to note that men who advocate that policy were members of the County and Rural Councils, some of them having seats in Parliament, and not a few of them holding the Commission of the Peace. In fact, the people are so demoralised as if they said, "Evil, be thou my good."

THE KING'S WRIT

In the reign of James the First it was considered a great triumph for English rule that the King's Writ ran everywhere in Ireland. That cannot be said now. Ruling according to Irish ideas has taken us so far down hill that the King's Writ cannot be served without danger to the life of the officer; and if the writs be sent by post, the mails are seized and the post-bags rifled. So general was this becoming that judges were obliged to order that service should be done by posting up the writ on the nearest police barrack. Living men can remember two provinces being added to Germany.

I cannot speak positively as to their state, but I hazard the opinion that they are more amenable to the new rule to-day than this country is to the British rule after centuries of occupation. At all events, the Press does not report that the toast of the Sovereign's health was dishonoured at a public dinner, or that in a University, maintained by the National Treasury, a conspiracy was formed to prevent the National Anthem being sung, or that the flag of the Empire was cut down and cast into the sea by a civic dignitary. Surely there is "something rotten in the state of Denmark," and where can we locate it except in the method of ruling adopted by the authorities? Laws are continually made, and millions profusely spent, not with the object of enabling Ireland to discharge its duties and realise its privileges as a component part of this great Empire; but rather to send her off on a tangent which, however it be prolonged, will never bring her into harmony with the Constitution into which she is incorporated. In popular estimation the "Irish idea" is not proceeding fast enough, and to expedite it a native Government is set up, whose mandates none dare disobey.

THE DOMINANT POWER IN IRELAND

Take a familiar illustration. A man gets into agrarian trouble, and is subjected to strict boycott. No blacksmith will shoe his horse, no man will take his milk to the creamery, no butcher or baker will sell to him; nor even can a coffin be had if one of his family should die. In the public fair no one

will purchase his cattle. He has to barricade his house, and to sleep with arms at his bedside, not knowing that his haggard may not be set on fire during the night. When the man's life is made miserable, where may he most confidently look for relief? Will it be by invoking the aid of British law or by making his peace with the Land League? The answer to that question would not be a testimony of good government. A recent Parliamentary incident throws light upon the attitude of our rulers towards Ireland. In a debate on some Irish question the Earl of Crewe charged his opponent with the mistake of regarding Ireland as being one with England. "Some regard it," he said, "as a distinct country." In this short sentence you have the evil root which has borne such abundant fruits. In it we have the last, if not the only argument for Home Rule. If Ireland be an integral part of the United Kingdom we have a good reason against the monstrous craze; but if she be a distinct country, I cannot see that we have solid ground for our objection. If this country be one with England, treat them as one; but if she be distinct from it why not grant her the separation that is demanded? In putting these unpleasant things before the Synod my desire is that we should be convinced of the hopelessness of looking for help or protection to any external source. From the dominant power in Ireland, as Unionists and Protestants, we cannot expect justice or impartiality. To rely on either of the great political parties in the State would be to lean on a staff that would pierce into the hand. If any of them could win the Nationalists to their

side, they could conquer their traditional adversaries, and make Ireland easy to govern. If the price to be paid for this must be the extinction of Irish Protestantism, it would give neither of them much concern. We want to learn that, under God, our safety and our welfare depend upon ourselves. To learn that lesson we require to regard the situation more seriously than we are wont to do. We need a measure of the puritanical spirit of our forefathers, which would enable us to endure with patience and to act with resolution." (Applause.)

CHAPTER III

THE PROTESTANT BISHOP OF KILMORE'S WORDS OF WARNING.

The Bishop of Kilmore (Dr Elliott), addressing his Diocesan Synod at Cavan, on September 24th, 1908, drew attention to the many evils already brought on Ireland through the action of the United Irish League, and to the greater evils which would spring up were Home Rule granted. He said :—

" If the forces that are injuring and crippling us continue to work they must result in the extinction of the Church of Ireland by violent proceedings or by death from inanition. Where, then, is the wisdom of building up from within if nothing else be done? Multiply your investments, add to your endowments, pile up your capital, rearrange your parishes, restore and decorate your churches, open fresh avenues for Christian benevolence—all the while the sword of Damocles is hanging over your head with the certainty that if it falls the Church of

Ireland will become a tale that is told, an ecclesiastical auld lang syne to be remembered, but never restored. Such a catastrophe I hold to be involved in the Home Rule delusion and pseudo-Nationalism. These twin evils are identical in their nature and united in their expectations. If now, in their embryo stage, they are potent to hypnotise the intelligence and corrupt the morals of the people, what may you expect when the infant Hercules is born, having for his nursing fathers agitators, adventurers, and perfervid ecclesiastics? I consider it my duty to warn our people of coming events which cast their shadows before, in hope that some thought may be given to the situation and means taken to arrest the evil, or, if this be impossible, to lay some plan to meet it as best we may. In exposing the evil doings of Home Rule my statements are denied, and I am represented as being duped by false intelligence. In these matters I am very careful as to the facts that come to me from private sources. As for those which are public property, I gather them from the newspapers that advocate the Nationalist cause. Last year I mentioned a case in which a family were deterred from going to church by the action of the League in the neighbourhood (the case was not singular). The leader of the agitation publicly requested me to reveal the people and the place, promising that he would go there and set things right. One of his followers has lately described this as a challenge, which confutes my statements, as I did not respond to it. It must be evident to any reflecting mind that to give such information

would do more harm than good—the latter end would be worse than the first. But supposing I were at liberty to give the information, I would not. As a loyal citizen, I recognise no protecting power but the law of the United Kingdom. Here we have an evil brought about by a certain agency —Home Rule and pseudo-Nationalism, and this same agency would have me to acknowledge its authority by accepting its protection. I hope loyalty will never stultify itself in that way. But why should the leaders of this immoral movement be so incredulous when things more scandalous are constantly happening? Have they not heard of a family being obliged to travel many miles to a strange town to buy the necessaries of life, and on their return journey having their provisions seized and scattered on the road, and this in the presence of the authorities? Have they not heard of people being obliged to go to a chapel a long distance from home to perform their religious duties? Is it not true that a Roman Catholic gentleman wrote to the papers stating that he could not attend his place of worship without personal danger? Was it not proved before the magistrates that respectable girls were assaulted and insulted, in spite of an armed escort, when returning home from Mass, their only offence being that they refused to obey the behests of the Home Rule Directory—the League? Or, have they not read in the newspapers of last Monday, that three tenants of labourers' cottages are being evicted solely for the same cause, and this not by mob violence, but by deliberate resolution in so representative a body

as a Board of Guardians? It is attempted to justify this evil practice of boycotting by raking up the ashes of the dead, to show that our Church was guilty of the same thing. A young parson during the enactment of the tithe war, nearly eighty years ago, is reported to have advised the clergy to expel the Roman Catholic tenants from their glebe, and to replace them with Protestants. Now, supposing that this was done, should it be an argument in the mouth of a legislator to defend evil doing on the principle of retaliation? The best answer to the insinuation is that the advice given was not acted on by the clergy of our Church, nor, I believe, by the speaker himself. Roman Catholic tenants continued on the lands, and when the glebes were handed over to Gladstone's Commissioners, it was found in the vast majority of them that the tenants were Roman Catholics. The same gentleman would have us to dismiss all fear of persecution from our minds, because, he says, no Protestants suffered in the Rebellion of 1641. It would be no pleasure to reopen the old wounds of that period; we can leave the truth of the statement to be dealt with by historians. He cites the case of Bishop Bedell, who fell into the hands of the rebels. Any consideration shown to him was due, not to the spirit of toleration, but to his holy life and saintly character, which were well known in the county of Cavan. It must be added that, though they did not murder him, they subjected him to treatment which caused his death, and leave was obtained with difficulty for his burial in Kilmore graveyard. Let Home Rulers argue as they

will, it is patent that a foul conspiracy has spread itself over the land, opposed not only to the principles of Christianity and civilisation, but to a common sense of justice and the dictates of humanity. Some things are not only bad, but vile, and such is the evil inflicted on this country by Home Rulers; for every evil we deplore is due to their policy. They defend their chief instrument, the boycott; they apologise for it, and, beyond question, they encourage it. Some of them glory in it, believing that, as the Fenian outrages converted Mr. Gladstone to Home Rule, so the milder but more numerous outrages in these days will have a similar effect upon the present Government and the people of England. I think the charge is completely brought home to them by the fact that they have never denounced it. Probably they have more than eighty members of Parliament. Have they in their place in that assembly lamented those outrages, or suggested any method of allaying them? On the contrary, they branded as a calumniator anyone who exposed them. Have they outside Parliament ever held a meeting of their party to remonstrate against the boycotter and the cattle-driver, backing up the action of their own prelates in pointing out, that no good end can be justified by such means? Never that we heard of. They give these things the consent of silence, some of them give them their blessing from the house-top. It may not be said of them that they 'wade through slaughter to a throne,' but, if we substitute infamy for slaughter, the wading is very deep in pursuit of the dismemberment of the Empire. It distresses

me to think that some of us are losing heart and hope in this long struggle. Some are disgusted with what they consider Governmental mismanagement, and think Home Rule could not be worse. Others are of opinion that our subjugation or extermination is at the back of the whole business, and that we are powerless to resist, no way of escape being open; and some say we have nothing to do but to wait and take our chance of whatever may happen. I think it is a wonder and a pity that some men of experience, blessed with practical wisdom, do not come to the front amongst us Unionists to devise some united plan of moral resistance. There is nothing amongst the Nationalists that we dare to copy, except their unity and their widespread organisation. Can we do nothing to instruct the rising generation amongst us to the blessings of Unionism and the horrors of Home Rule? Can we do nothing to protect and encourage our few and scattered brethren against becoming a prey to the terror, or, still worse, to the wiles of this disloyal combination? Can nothing be done to sustain and advise those of our people who suffer at its hands? Is it impossible to stop the leakage caused by emigration from our ranks? If left to itself it will surely increase. Including Protestants outside our pale, there must be little short of a million in favour of the Union. Now when we hear so much of union amongst Protestants, a sentiment impossible to realise, why should not community of feeling, of hopes, and of fears, be taken advantage of to provide a tangible union, and show an unbroken front to our oppo-

nents? The united voice of a million might be heard across the Channel like a speaking trumpet, in spite of the storm of sedition."

CHAPTER IV

IRISH DISLOYALTY

HATRED OF ENGLAND

TREASONABLE SPEECHES

Kilkenny recently celebrated the forty-second anniversary of the " Manchester Martyrs," and the principal item in the demonstration was a speech by Major McBride, notorious in connection with the Irish Brigade which fought against the British in the South African War. We quote from the *Kilkenny People* a passage from his speech, which may well be considered in connection with the demand for Home Rule.

After referring to recent disturbances in the East, Major McBride said :—" The voice of Young India is beginning to make itself heard and felt. Not much longer can that fair and fertile land be used as a dumping-ground for ignorant, insolent, and domineering English officials. From this meeting Young Ireland sends a message of hope and greeting to Young India, and trusts that the men of that country will never rest satisfied until

India is a self-governing nation. (Cheers.) Are we in Ireland, though, to continue to hold the position of bellowing slaves, picking up the crumbs that fall from England's table, and good for nothing except whining in our masters' hall? The answer is with the youth of Ireland. We have been told often enough that we are a small, divided people. True; but this small and divided people—to their shame, be it said—produced the Dublin Fusiliers, the Munster Fusiliers, the Connaught Rangers, and other bands of mercenaries, who saved the British arms from humiliating defeat in South Africa. The same small and divided people provided for their hereditary enemy the Army that broke the power of Napoleon in the Peninsular and Continental wars, and fastened the yoke of England on their own countrymen.

"Therefore, I appeal to you most earnestly to do all in your power to prevent your countrymen from entering the degraded British Army. If you prevent 500 men from 'listing you do nearly as good work, if not quite so exciting, as if you shot 500 men on the field of battle, and, also, you are making the path smooth for the approaching conquest of England by Germany. Let one of your mottoes then be, 'No recruits for England'; no recruits for the country that has held you in bondage for nigh 800 years; no recruits for the cowardly nation whose sons have never been able to win a battle by themselves. In the history of the world England has never been known single-handed to face another armed nation successfully.

WELCOME TO INVADERS

"Some of our friends talk of the supremacy of the English Navy. But that Navy has not been tested in modern times, and it is public property how bitterly its chiefs love one another. The wooden walls of 100 years ago are rotten to-day; the iron walls that patrolled our seas in '67 are now rusty old scrap-iron; the steel walls that glide majestically along in fine weather at present get run down by American liners, and cannot carry out the simplest manœuvres without ramming one another. It must be borne in mind, also, that the other nations of the world, particularly Germany and America, are fast gaining command of the sea, and to add to England's troubles the man in the flying machine will shortly be able to destroy the best ships afloat with little or no danger to himself. It is quite probable, then, that in the near future we may see a soldier from New York, or Berlin, sketching the ruins of St. Paul's in London, instead of Macaulay's stranger from New Zealand.

"You are all familiar with the old ballad which says, 'The French are on the Sea,' but nowadays we know it is the Germans that are taking to the sea, and we can only pray that they will not remain so long at sea as the French have. Should they land in Ireland, they will be received with willing hearts and strong hands, and should England be their destination, it is to be hoped that they will find time to disembark 100,000 rifles, and a few score of cannon, with ammunition for same, in

this country, and twelve months later this land will be as free as the Lord God meant it should be."

Replying later to a vote of thanks, Major McBride said during the South African War the men of Kilkenny were never so happy or contented as when pouring lead into the English enemy, and the next time they were engaged at that work he hoped it would be in Ireland.

. . . . . .

"It is a heinous crime against Ireland for Irishmen to enter the forces of robber England; and he who engages in one of England's unjust wars is guilty of deadly sin. Make a vow that you will not recognise or mix with any man who dons the livery of an Irish slave—the red or black coat, or blue jacket—and keep your children from mixing with this anti-Irish horde—the slaughterers of the innocent Boer women and children. They would not hesitate to slaughter their own kith and kin to-morrow, as they have often done before, to carry out England's dirty work. You can assist in the uplifting of the Irish nation by refraining from entering the English forces. If you are an Irishman you will be true to Ireland, and by refusing to take the cursed Saxon shilling you will lend a hand in restoring your Mother Erin to Nationhood."—*Father Kavanagh, Irish Franciscan Priest.*

CHAPTER V

CLAN-NA-GAEL DENOUNCES SURRENDER

In view of Mr. Churchill's statement we reprint the following outburst which appears in a New York newspaper—*The Gaelic American* of December 3—under the above heading :—

We, the Clan-na-Gael of New York, assembled to honour the memory of the men judicially murdered on the scaffold in Manchester on November 23, 1867, for their devotion to Ireland, reaffirm our allegiance to the cause of Irish National Independence for which the martyrs gave up their lives.

We pledge to the people of Ireland our continued support to enable them to shake off the English yoke, to sever all political connection with England, and to erect on Irish soil an Independent National Government, under which all Irishmen, irrespective of creed, race, or class, shall have equal rights, and whose sole object shall be to protect the interests and uphold the honour of the whole Irish people.

We denounce as a deliberate betrayal of Ireland the statements made in the United States and Canada by John E. Redmond and T. P.

O'Connor—evidently by prearrangement with the British Government—that Ireland is willing to renounce her God-given right to nationhood and to accept in lieu thereof, as a final settlement of her differences with England, a petty local legislative Assembly, having no power over the most vital interests of the country, and subordinate to the British Imperial Parliament; and we brand as a shameless falsehood the assertion, that such a beggar's pittance would be, either in form or substance, the same as the Home Rule which Charles Stewart Parnell was willing to accept as a first instalment of Ireland's rights.

We warn our American fellow-citizens that all money, contributed to the party of which these men are the leaders, is used for the purpose of suppressing the free expression of public opinion in Ireland, of dominating conventions by fraudulent delegates and controlling elections by improper methods. The sending of money to Ireland to support the anti-National programme, now openly avowed by Redmond and O'Connor, is aiding the enemies of Ireland in an attempt to destroy Irish nationality and to corrupt the public life of Ireland.

We thank our German fellow-citizens throughout the land for their splendid co-operation in frustrating all attempts to bring about an Anglo-American alliance. We pledge to them and to the Fatherland our utmost support, moral and material, in any struggle that may come between Germany and England, and assure them, that neither Redmond, O'Connor, nor any man has the

right to promise that Irish citizens of this Republic will forego, or abate in the smallest degree, their opposition to an Anglo-American alliance, in consideration of any concessions, whatever, that may be made by England to Ireland. We oppose that alliance, because we know it would be injurious to the best interests of the United States and fraught with disaster and dishonour for the American people; and we resent as an insult the imputation that the action of Irish citizens on American public questions is governed by any but American considerations, or can be influenced by the intrigues or manipulations of British politicians.

We congratulate the Gaelic League on its victory in forcing an unwilling Senate appointed by the foreign Government to make Irish compulsory in the National University in 1913, and we pledge our continued support in its efforts to restore the old tongue of the Gael as the national language of Ireland."

CHAPTER VI

IRISH HATRED

MEETING OF THE DONORS OF THE DOLLARS

Rabid hostility to Britain and all things British was the keynote of a meeting of Irishmen held at the Lyric Theatre in New York last night to commemorate the forty-third anniversary of the execution of the "Manchester martyrs," Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, the murderers of Constable Brett in 1867. The sentiments expressed at the meeting are significant of the feelings of large sections of Irishmen in America whose dollars are playing so important a part in enabling Mr. Redmond to maintain his rôle of dictator.

The theatre was crowded with men and women "prominent in Irish social and political life in New York." The chief feature of the evening was an address by Mr. Richard O'Sullivan Burke, formerly an engineer on the staff of General George B. McClellan during the Civil War, and one of the leaders of the Irish revolutionary party in 1867.

Mr. Burke stated that an organisation of Irish officers at that time had for its object the liberation of Ireland from English dominion. The organisation held that this could be done only on a military basis and by means of the strictest discipline. After describing how arms and ammunition were sent to Ireland, Mr. Burke gave a detailed narrative of his adventures in Manchester, whither he was sent for the purpose of freeing Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy. Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien volunteered to assist him, and Mr. Burke explained that he escaped by pretending to be a reporter.

Amid a hurricane of cheers Mr. Burke appealed to his hearers to remember that England " is the natural hereditary enemy of liberty the world over." He exhorted them vigorously to discountenance all expressions of friendliness on the part of the United States for Great Britain, and in particular to work against an alliance of the two countries. His references to the possibility of an alliance between Britain and the United States evoked loud hisses and groans.

CHAPTER VII

THE ALLIES OF THE LIBERAL PARTY

THE British Empire and the British Constitution are at this moment in the hands of the wreckers. Mr J. E. Redmond, M.P., is the leader of the Nationalist Party, which, during the South African War, *cheered madly when* they heard that the *British troops had been defeated* and Lord Methuen captured. Mr. Redmond is desperately anxious that Ireland shall have Home Rule, and at his bidding the Prime Minister has wrought the destruction of the House of Lords and begun the break-up of the British Empire, in order that Mr. Redmond's wishes may be gratified.

COMPLETE SEPARATION

In Kanturk, on November 17, 1895, Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P., said :—

" Ireland for the Irish is our motto, and the consummation of all our hopes and aspirations is in

one word—to drive English rule, sooner or later, bag and baggage, from our country."—*Irish Daily Independent*, December 9, 1895.

In an interview published in the *Boston Globe* (U.S.A.), of November 1, 1901, Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P., said :—

" Who will undertake to say that the separation of Ireland from England is impossible? Things which have appeared much more impossible have often taken place, and it did not seem more impossible a few years ago that England would be humbled to the dust as she has been by a handful of farmers in South Africa."

CONSISTENT HATERS, REBELS, AND TRAITORS

In New Ross, on June 23, 1907, Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P., said :—

" We, from this County of Wexford, send therefore this message to England.—We tell her that we, Wexford men, to-day hate her rule just as bitterly as our forefathers did when they shed their blood on this spot. We tell her that we are as much rebels to her rule to-day as our forefathers were in '98."—*Freeman's Journal*, June 24, 1907.

The following expression of Mr. J. E. Redmond's opinion appeared in the *Chicago Citizen* (U.S.A.), of July 11, 1908 :—

" There is not an Irishman in America to-day,

in whose veins good red blood is flowing, who would not *rejoice to hear that a German Army was marching in triumph across England* from Yarmouth to Milford Haven."

CHAPTER VIII

HOME RULE FINANCE

A REVELATION IN TAXES

A TREASURY report shows that Ireland during the year April 1, 1910-March 3, 1911, contributed only £321,000 to Imperial services. This is better than the year before, when Ireland received from the Exchequer £2,357,000 more than she collected in taxes.

But the extraordinary disproportion between what Ireland paid last year and what Great Britain paid for the upkeep of the Navy, the Army, the Crown, and the Government is shown thus:—

	Population.	Payment.
Great Britain	41,098,401	£129,618,000
Ireland	4,371,163	£321,000

Calculated per head of population, the payments are:—

Each person in Great Britain	£3 3 1
Each person in Ireland	0 1 5

The total revenue collected in Ireland was £11,665,500, of which she spent £11,344,500 on herself. Great Britain collected a revenue of £190,162,000, of which she spent on herself only £60,544,000.

CHAPTER IX

At an anti-Home Rule demonstration at Londonderry, when Sir Edward Carson spoke, the Protestant Bishop of Derry (Dr. Chadwick) said:—"If Britain throws us over to the wolves who are howling for us, I declare, with pain, not as a threat, but as an inexorable piece of calculation, that within ten years we shall have become the most formidable and resourceful champions of complete severance, cutting the last tie which binds us to what will then have proved an ungrateful and treacherous race."

"STAND BY OUR MEN"

MANIFESTO OF THE WOMEN OF ULSTER

A manifesto has been adopted by the Ulster Women's Unionist Council, on the motion of the Countess of Erne, asserting that bankruptcy would

follow Home Rule, the effects being felt nowhere more acutely than at their firesides. "Under an Irish Parliament the whole country would be reduced to rags and poverty, which are only to be found now where the rule of the National League is supreme.

"We do not want a separate Parliament for Ulster. Our simple claim is that, should Home Rule be forced upon Ireland by a political party, misled and misinformed as to her true interests, we shall remain, as we are, with unimpaired citizenship in the United Kingdom, and with representation, as we now have it, in the Imperial Parliament.

"But if, in contempt of this righteous demand, based as it is upon loyalty to our King and to the Constitution, we are thrown out of our heritage with all its securities for liberty and life, we make it known to all whom it may concern that we stand by our menfolk in resisting to the utmost the domination and control of a rebel Parliament in Dublin, and in their resolves to hold Ulster in trust for the United Kingdom and the Empire."

CHAPTER X

ANARCHY IN IRELAND

ONWARDS from the early 'fifties of last century, when responsible government was granted to the people of Australasia, parts of the great "lone lands" of that continent and also of Canada became colonized by families of industrious Irish peasants, who, in their new surroundings, cultivated the art of peace and obtained a goodly measure of success. And to our own personal knowledge many of those Irish emigrants returned to Ireland with large fortunes and a generous outlook upon life; and, what was equally good, with opinions and ideals that shewed the sane character of the educational process through which they had passed under the influence of English law, and which indicated, moreover, sincere attachment to British institutions and loyalty to the English throne. And why was this? The answer is plain enough. All the circumstances

of their new life stood far apart from the highways of that "tribal" civilization which now obtains in the moon-lighting districts of Roman Catholic Ireland under the administration of Mr. Birrell. They were allowed to pursue their various avocations on ranch and in mining camp, without disturbance by those master-spirits of revolution, the Irish priests and their yoke-fellows in "bondage," paid agitators, like Devlin, Ford, and McBride—a "human" swarm without a touch of humanity.

Propitious skies and mountain scenery, verdant lowlands, great rivers, and rich, pastoral solitudes with few priests had enabled the Australian and Canadian Irish of those days to ensure the independence which they peacefully sought: and so, they dropped the insular prejudices of their youth and became rich in money, and rich, too, with the blessings of contentment.

But what shall we say of the peasantry at home in the old land to-day? From the great mass of information concerning them and their "spiritual guides" to be found in the pages of the "monthly," "*Grievances from Ireland*," which is really a compilation of succinct reports from the Irish Nationalist Press, we should say it would be very difficult, indeed, to exaggerate, where so much political crime and dastardly agrarian outrage are fostered and encouraged, almost to the depletion of Ireland's best resources, and, certainly, at the expense of her national character.

"Great" and "learned" men on the one hand, and small, ignorant folk on the other, are

the curse of Ireland. Romish sciolists, like Dr. Clancy, Roman Catholic Bishop of Elphin, and the late John Boyle O'Reilly, poetaster and Fenian convict, together with ignorant dupes, like Joe Brady, the murderer of Lord Frederick Cavendish, constitute the chief, outstanding menace to the furtherance of Ireland's national welfare. The Romish blacksmith who glibly talks treason, while he shoes a donkey and an "ass" looks on; the "hillside" vagrant, fresh from the confessional, who loiters by the copse all day in order that he may revel all night in foul misdeeds, which he knows will only tickle the popular fancy; the village news-monger on the door-mat, sifting the concerns of his next-door neighbour, in the hope of some sort of gain; the "anointed priest of God" and the abbey-lubber, "moved" to sham repentance over agrarian crime and political murder; the bishop who "peels" the people to pay the Pope—all these in rotation contribute to the chronic, social and political scandals which make Irish politics an insoluble mystery and the despair of English statesmen.

And why, it may be asked by English Imperialists, do the Irish spend so much of their time in all these political extravaganzas and the faction cockpits, which only tend to the perpetuation of deadly strife and recrimination among themselves? The answer is obvious. It is all the result of set purpose. The naturally rebellious instincts of Irishmen, nourished by the Church of Rome for her own sinister purposes, ever since the defeat of the Roman Catholic suicide, Tyrconnell, the

" drum-major " of the flabby James II., always tend to dislocate the machinery of law and order; and, therefore, serve to heighten the stale, " sad story of Ireland's tragedy " by the infernal glare of agrarian crime and outrage. And these methods can never fail to work disaster upon the national character and upon the life of the people.

The reign of terror now in full swing in Ireland under the Radical Government offers many suggestions to the interested observer of current, political events, as well as to the political economist and essayist, trained in the art of analyzing the materials that go to the making of history. Everywhere throughout Ireland at this moment the traveller may learn that the voice of treason is just as familiar to peasant ears as the song of the skylark, and much more appreciated; and that ever since the days of Smith O'Brien and O'Connel, the " British gaol " has been the crowning ambition of every political, Papal huckster.

Now, if the Ireland we know well, and which is faithfully portrayed in the pages of the little " monthly," " *Grievances from Ireland*," is to be permanently secured as an integral and loyal part of the British Empire, statesmen, independently of party, must begin to seriously consider how far the present tension, now greatly accentuated by American money and influence, is to be allowed to go. For the dire effects of former Celtic revolutions, as well as the inadequate provision made by successive Governments to cope with the rebellious tendencies of the Irish, are a constant menace to the welfare of Ireland and to the peace of

England. It is a common saying among Irish Catholics everywhere that their subjugation may be a fact, but their conquest—never. The plain truth is that England's constitutional arm in Ireland is paralyzed by the Church of Rome; for, the immensity of that Church's intrigues through Irish immigrants, especially the Clan-na-Gael, in the United States against the Imperial interests of England is a common source both of profit and delight to the Catholics of Ireland. Every crossroads there are marked by the footsteps of men who are secretly instructed by priests and agitators, the sleuth-hounds of Ford, the dynamitard, to kneel in the shadows of cottage and byre, and to fill their hearts with hatred and vengeance against every form of British rule. And how can there be any hope for a people, even under a "Home Government," whose moral, spiritual, and political degradation is so clearly marked in everything that appertains to connexion with our Empire without whose friendship and protection Ireland would be, according to the words of Burke, "the most completely undone country in the world; the most wretched, the most distracted, and in the end the most desolate part of the habitable globe. Little do many people in Ireland consider how much of its prosperity has been owing to, and still depends upon, its intimate connexion with England?"

And, despite the attitude of a few priests and missionary spirits here and there, the drink traffic may be said to be the national concomitant to the other public scandals that are filling up the cup of

Ireland's woes. The historic permanence of that nation's comparative poverty, and the continual party struggles for supremacy, suggest a terrible betrayal on the part of the Irish leaders themselves. For the bright and lusty Irish nature is being constantly marred by a thousand forms of polemics, with the result that the priest remains dominant and every peddling politician fat. But much more important to the state than any political discussions, either in or out of Parliament, is the future of a race that has many qualities of the highest order, and which have contributed in the past to the greatness and glory of the Empire. And the exercise of plain, common sense, and Imperial duty should enable British statesmen, independently of party considerations, to see that priority of claim upon the allegiance of the Irish people is due, not to the Papacy, but to the British Crown; and that there must be no shuffling anywhere at this crisis with the vital concerns of England.

Conspicuous amongst the "ratters" is the responsible Minister of the Crown in Ireland. His weaknesses are, in the opinion of the Irish themselves, the surest indication of the incompetence of the English to rule Ireland at all. But let Mr. Birrell feel the pulse of the loyal minority, and let him test their hearts as well as the conscience and patriotism of Ulster as to the expediency of ruling Ireland through the Romish clergy, and he will learn this lesson:—

"Your advent amongst us was emphasized from the first by special exactions from the loyal section of the community, in order that your party might

strengthen its hold upon the affections of rebels, and thus save its face. You see the condition of the country, as the result of your policy. Masked ruffians in league with priests harass and disturb whole districts. Primed with the new enthusiasm for plunder and confiscation which they have caught from your friends, the English Socialists, these nightly marauders fill with dismay every law-abiding citizen. They see in you not merely a masked, political burglar and fellow-accomplice in the work of disintegrating the Empire; but also a polished trimmer, wherever and whenever the interests of your party are threatened. Why do you hesitate to put in motion the machinery of the law? Why do you gamble away the national prospects of our country? Is your foresight at fault where your personal aggrandizement is concerned? Have you no will-power left to enable your 'Nonconformist conscience' to assert its fine sense of propriety and political rectitude? Your shameful obeisance to the representatives of Romish domination in our country is a sufficient indication of the character of that 'patriotism' which is scoring the life of English Nonconformity with the political perversions on which you would found your 'ideal little England.'

The sterling qualities which we, Irish loyalists, have been wont to associate with the best traditions of the great Liberal party are not in evidence in your personal administration of the government of Ireland. Once sharp as a two-edged sword in debate, even your intellect has been blunted and your character badly damaged by too close inti-

macy with Separatists and priestly plotters. You seek to destroy existing institutions that have grown sacred with time, institutions which are the outcome of an orderly and peaceful evolution, and which constitute our sole basis of national security against interminable domestic troubles; and you have already established, against the will of Irish loyalists, a mediæval form of tyranny (already too pronounced amongst us) in the shape of a Popish University. All this can have but one effect—the complete spoliation of Protestants by their spiritual enemies, the co-religionists of those who perpetrated the 'massacre of St. Bartholomew.'

Foster, cherish, cultivate every natural instinct which has already fitted you so well for office, as a Radical Minister. Like your friends, the cattle-drivers, turn day into night and night into day, in order to shew to what extremes of folly a Radical Government can go, when the demon of compromise with Rome in Ireland and with Socialism in England has obsessed it; drag the fair name of England in the dust by coquetting with her enemies abroad and by clouding the popular vision at home to the real dangers from foreign invasion; chide the wise in Parliament when they talk about the maintenance of Empire; and chide your own constituents when they read in your presence extracts from the Irish papers; diminish the strength of the Royal Irish Constabulary, in order to gratify the feelings of the Irish priests, the spirit of John Boyle O'Reilly, and the political aspirations of O'Donovan Rossa, and Ford, the dynamitard; play further into the hands of Archbishop Walsh and

Cardinal Logue, in order that English Nonconformity may be credited by those Irish patriots with the possession of the Christian ideals and practice which make for political and religious liberty. All this do as a Radical Minister of the Crown. But, remember, your time here may not be very long. We, whose fathers fought for true Irish liberty at Derry and the Boyne, are reckoning up your debts to us. The Orange '*camera*' is at your head, and we have an intimate knowledge of every line in your character, and have registered every throb of your pulse in regard to organised crime and outrage. We see in you the facetious, cunning, political makeshift who lounged fortuitously into office here from the slums of the Liberal party; and, greatly indifferent to the responsibilities of your position, as a Minister of the Crown, allowed the spirit of injustice, intolerance, and rebellion to poison the social life of the people.

The economic and other changes, which any such policy as yours would be sure to effect, would endanger the commercial interests of Ireland and plunge her into permanent social chaos. Foreign competition and the pitiless exactions of priests and agitators are at the root of our people's troubles; and had you undertaken the higher duties of your office in a spirit, not of compromise with the Irish malcontents, but in a spirit of loyalty to established institutions and to political rectitude, the better it would have been for the country. In word and deed your whole policy, since you came amongst us, has been thoroughly retrograde and calculated to

undermine the whole fabric of our national life. The 'Long' administration entered into no partnership with Separatist politicians and with the rude elements of Irish disorder; but it chose rather to participate in every genuine undertaking, that aimed at the cohesion of parties with common hopes and common ideas for the betterment of the country. The absolute liberty of the subject was ensured and full confidence in the efficacy of the law was maintained, as the result of impartial administration and the firm exercise of executive power.

The wisdom and unfailing strength, which always characterize stable government and contribute towards national peace and prosperity, were the keynotes of your predecessor's rule. Mr. Long's methods, so unlike yours, bore the stamp of constitutional procedure, and had no relation to doctrines of expediency; they belonged to a party and a system of government which seek to control the national destinies of Ireland for her own good and for the peace of England. But how can such an end as that be attained by any such policy as yours? You maintain, if we rightly understand your conduct of Irish affairs, that compromise with the spirit of rebellion is a legitimate course to pursue on behalf of a paternal Government which seeks to compensate ex-Fenian leaders and others for past Irish wrongs; and you now propose to treacherously remove the rudder from the ship of State in Ireland and allow her to be swept hither and thither at the mercy of every political storm. You advocate confiscation of land and the surrender of

property, which has been the stronghold for generations of every cause, that rested its foundations in British justice.

Your alien temperament, Mr. Birrell, has but a poor chance of reconciling the conflicting views of wayward Irish mobs. In twenty years of such an administration as yours, the crimes of the latter half of last century would be trebled; for the people would be given to see that it is only 'through plunder and rapine' they can attain to national independence. The 'Long' administration aimed at continual peace and prosperity; yours at agrarian war and a form of 'home government' that would legislate in the interests of those, whose prime object is the destruction of the last link between England and Ireland.

Rest assured, sir, that Ireland cannot afford much longer to be experimented upon by 'law-makers' who countenance law-breakers in order to suit the exigencies of party. Your Radical frenzy in willingly allowing the present condition of Ireland to continue, without any serious effort on your part to protect property and to punish crime, is a serious blot upon the character of English statesmanship. It is, moreover, a grave danger of a two-fold character. It threatens to permanently divide the country into two distinct classes: one of revolutionary tendencies, heeding no laws but the unwritten laws of the heart and conscience, steeped in the superstitions and moulded according to the ethics of Rome; the other, conserved by ancient customs and feelings of loyalty within the Protestant pale, and united

in effort for the furtherance of national prosperity and the spread of the true Gospel of Jesus Christ; sustained in all its struggles against Romish tyranny by its lofty sense of devotion to principles of justice and orderly government; and filled with the desire to preserve the best traditions of the past and to keep alive the spirit of loyalty to the English throne.

Between these two parties reconciliation is impossible. Surrender to the party of confiscation is your policy; maintenance of law and of the Protestant religion is ours. We stand for the highest ideals in Church and State; you for lies and plunder, sanctioned by priestly sybarites, drunk with the delights of Popish ascendancy. You seek to evade the responsibilities of your high office by neglecting to purge Irish country-sides of agrarian harpies; we propose to redress all national grievances by orderly Imperial legislation and by firm government.

Your Radical Administration, sir, has entered upon a policy of patchwork, endeavouring to reconstruct upon old foundations that are themselves rotten and insecure. The claim of the Irish peasantry to further instalments from the British Exchequer and for the moral support of the English people, in their attempts to possess the land to the great loss and discomfiture of present property holders, cannot be upheld by any important section of either of our political parties. For, the customs and traditions of the British people are imbued with a spirit, so entirely foreign to the confusion and anarchy which prevail in Ireland under

your administration, that the predatory and disloyal aptitudes of Irish Catholics are a grave offence against English laws and institutions, and a serious danger to the highest interests of the Empire. When Ireland learns how to adjust her present needy circumstances to the invaluable inheritance she has gained by her union with the English nation; and when the ploughshare of industry has opened up, during a long term of peace, Ireland's own great resources, and taught her how to assimilate the wisdom and motives, which befit a people worthy of respect and nationhood; then, and not till then, shall her valuable interests be realized, and her power and influence be attained, in the world of commerce, literature, and art. But the folly of Irish Catholics, at this present moment, in proposing to themselves the utter destruction of English power and English institutions in Ireland, cannot but have a very sinister influence upon the national character. The broad lines of English culture and civilization seem to be altogether too narrow for the Irish in Ireland. Their lofty, transcendent, political stature, when measured according to racial standards, inherited from the times of Barry Lyndon, creates animosities and ripens hatred against every operation of English law and custom in their internal affairs.

Thou Radical 'high-priest' of Irish disorder, sometimes betraying, but more often betrayed, a hopeless rôle is yours! Though you may have the smartness of an attorney's clerk, the intrigues of a Greek of the lower empire, and the sleekness of a favourite footman on easy terms with his

mistress, you have been worsted in the 'confidence trick' by Cardinal Logue. How can you ever hope to lead your 'chosen people' out of their worse than Egyptian bondage? Deep in the silence of past centuries lies the key to Irish disaffection, and it is beyond your power to find it.

This secret of Irish disloyalty is the traditional source of wonder to every explorer in the weird, labyrinthine ways of Irish history and economics. Whether misjudged or misguided, it is certainly true, that Catholic Ireland under your administration has grown accustomed to disorder as a national institution, as well as to a total disregard for even common decency in political warfare. This Irish 'cause' seems to act as an eternal preventative against the quackery of even Radical Governments, and defies every attempt not merely to solve it, but even to find it out. It is a most embarrassing thing, for it is coeval with the Irish 'saints.'

The Irish 'cause' is superior to human joys, and hides itself in woe. Like Rome herself, it has nothing in common with 'Modernism.' It swims in the brain and curls itself up in the nervous system, till the Radical victim is seized with the deadly 'Hysteria Hibernica.' Scientific, expert knowledge of this disease is quite impossible even to Sir Edward Carson; for it belongs to a category that drifts across the 'conscience' like smoke from the fires of purgatory. You cannot tabulate it, nor register its state at any given moment. It is a supreme nuisance, this Irish 'cause,' a persistent, ancient fatuity, a remorseless incentive to every sort of trouble. It lingers in the

Papal breath and in the Radical solar-plexus, till all the natural joys of life become extinguished. And yet, Mr. Birrell, you cannot altogether despise it for reasons of Radical policy! It silences all your arguments by its provocative persistency. It has power and utterance and a most infectious way of exerting its influence upon your party. It holds in its grip millions of high-minded people like yourself, whose chief folly is submission to its tyranny. Even 'you' cannot argue with this 'Irish cause'; for it is always in a state of excitement — cattle-driving, moon-lighting, meadow-spiking, conjuring up phantoms from the shadows of antiquity and drilling your very soul into obedience to its most unstable ways. It has no settled convictions, no worthy purposes, no schemes to benefit anyone, no satisfactions to offer, no benefits to confer. It looks puzzled when the world laughs at it; but never yields to the slightest misgiving. It becomes pompous under badinage, and refers you to antiquity. There is no freedom in its movements; for it hesitates at every step, because of domestic and foreign entanglements. It cannot end well, this Irish question; for it shifts its perspective too often to suit American caucuses and Radical wire-pullers; and it cannot sustain its energies long enough to obtain success in the open. There may be the spirit of righteousness and reform somewhere in the back of its intentions; but, under your guidance, it cannot consent to public activity within the domain of constitutional procedure. It has no sense of proportion and of its own insular capacity. Here we will leave it

just for a moment, deep in the shadows of mystery and romance, far beyond the ken of philosopher and historian, and even of the 'Ricardian' economists of the Radical party."

CHAPTER XI

THE BIRRELL UNIVERSITY

OUR view of this Radical scheme of yours—the new Catholic University in Ireland—at an initial cost to the British Exchequer of £150,000 is the correct one. We see this sectarian University in all its departmental activities, saturated through and through by the unhealthy influences of Jesuitical theology; and this cannot but prove offensive to all the sound and loyal elements in the social and educational life of Ireland. You may talk as glibly as you will about the absence of religious tests for professors and students; but we shall continue to regard your voice, as that of a political mountebank, with little regard for truth, and having only these objects in view—party interest and personal aggrandizement. The "forest" of conflicting views, that had sprung up of late years around this vexed question of University education in Ireland, made it difficult for anyone to reach any

settled standard of conviction which was not affected by sectarian or other bias. Of course, we must all dispassionately allow that Romanists, as well as Protestants, are entitled to the benefits of University training. But there is an uneasy feeling abroad, Mr. Birrell, concerning the practical outcome of this University which you have established, whereby the clerical party alone of the dominant Church have obtained wealthy emoluments, as well as permanent security for the exercise of its sinister power and influence, which have already wrought so much harm in the country. By the institution of this University the full measure of priestly hopes, which are not the hopes of Catholic Ireland, are realized; and the voice of domination and persecution rings louder than ever throughout the land, till the thoughtful enquirer into the meaning of national portents begins to discover, that every parish in Ireland has become the hot-bed of new classes of conspirators, who, under the guidance of the powerful Catholic Association, give effect to principles, the reverse of beneficial to the community and decidedly hostile to the English connection.

The ideal camping-grounds for Catholic arch-conspirators against every form of British rule are now transferred from lonely peasants' farms and scenes of cattle-driving, cattle-houghing, and meadow-spiking, and the backways of townships to the halls of your new University, chartered, not to dispense the blessings of higher education, but to imperil the fortunes of England during times of great national concern, and to offer congratulations

to any foreign Power, who might succeed in lowering the prestige of the British Empire. On this point the Irish Catholic leaders, Major McBride, Mr. O'Sullivan Burke, and Mr. John Redmond, are quite agreed and equally clear and emphatic: "There is not an Irish Catholic in America or—elsewhere—to-day, in whose veins good red blood is flowing, who would not rejoice to hear that a German army was marching from Yarmouth to Milford Haven." And again: "Should the Germans land in Ireland, they will be received with willing hearts and strong hands, and should England be their destination, it is to be hoped that they will find time to disembark 100,000 rifles." We find it written: "During the civil wars in the 17th century the Established Church and its clergy were faithful allies of England; the Irish Catholic Church and its clergy her persevering enemies." And again:—"The diseased elements in the social life of Ireland were quickened into activity by the Fenian conspiracy (wholly Roman Catholic) in 1867. It failed in an attempt to arouse rebellion in Ireland, but it alarmed and deeply stirred the mind of England and Scotland, which had been taught to believe that Ireland was finally at rest." History repeats itself. England and Scotland are being told at this very moment precisely the same old story, that Ireland will be finally at rest after the Radical party has poured into the lap of Rome further tons of British gold for educational purposes, and after a Home Rule Parliament has been established in College Green.

The celibate "dignitaries" of Rome do not feel

in the least ennobled by University honours, nor have they any particular passion for the humanities. All their affections as literary " cheap jacks," like yourself, are centred on the treasonable, platitudinous stuff, contained in Papal encyclicals, which enables them to undermine the civil law, sound doctrine, scholarship, and modern culture. These celibates of the Church of Rome have no business with Universities. They have Maynooth a few miles from Dublin at a cost of £400,000 to the British Exchequer, and that supplied all their wants. There they can grow at will, and into perfect bloom in their Papal hot-houses, the spiritual freaks who pose as priests. And what does a priest want with a University education? Does he want a B.A. to enable him to say Mass, hear confession, tell his beads, dodge through the dog Latin and fairy tales of the Breviary, say " offices " over sick calves and boys with the scab, bless rivers and cattle, promising young matrons and spinsters with plenty of money; and, during intervals of leisure, when not engaged in playing cards and drinking whisky, peruse the Latin records of the Inquisition, assisted thereat by the spirit of " holy St. Dominick?"

As British citizens we would waive our right to suggest, much less to dictate, a policy of retrenchment and political discretion in this matter to the Radical party. But our convictions are the results of a steady growth of experience of the ways of Rome; and we only seek at the present juncture (and it is a serious one in the affairs of Ireland) to point out, that the old Universities in Ireland pro-

vided ample opportunities for higher education; and also to advocate the cause of those Protestant and educational interests, which have been found in the past to possess the charm of integrity, loyalty, and steadfastness in everything, that makes for peace and concord and good government in Ireland. And we strenuously maintain that these public blessings can no longer be preserved in Ireland, now that the priests, who are the master-spirits in rebellion and adepts in political chicane, are strengthened by the Crown in their hold upon the intellect, the conscience, and the liberty of Catholic Ireland.

And why this new University at all for the special accommodation of the clerical party of the dominant Church in Ireland? Why were existing institutions not sufficient? From your place in Parliament you have informed the nation, that the Queen's Universities, founded in Ireland by Sir Robert Peel in 1845, had entirely failed to fulfil the object for which they were intended; because, forsooth, "no pains were taken to ascertain what Irishmen wanted." That was a disingenuous argument, sir, and a dexterous move on the political chess-board, specially intended to deceive. No pains were taken to ascertain what Irishmen wanted! What information on this subject was then in your possession which was lacking in the time of Peel, and how did you come by it? The Peel administration and that of Lord John Russell (see the latter's famous Durham letter) knew very well what Irishmen wanted, and especially what the Irish hierarchy wanted. But the Irish Secretary of

the day, unlike you, sir, declined to prostitute himself and his high office by becoming the ready tool of the Irish bishops.

In 1847 the Church of Rome was in bad odour in Ireland. In that year O'Connel passed away, and with him every vestige of the constitutional method. In 1848 the hand of Rome, half-paralyzed through fright at the appalling state of famine and desolation which her blasphemies and idolatries had brought upon the land, had once again become stained with blood in the revolutionary upheaval led by Smith O'Brien and his chief lieutenant, James Stephens. These two Catholic rebels, blessed by Dr. Clancy, continued to fan the fires of revolution; and, in secret league with the more advanced spirits amongst the clergy, kept the young men of Ireland off the high road of constitutional procedure, and poisoned their minds against everything English, especially the Queen's Universities. It is well within my own personal experience from 1880 onwards, that bishops and priests strenuously and continuously forbade Catholic students, to enter any of the Queen's Colleges "under pain of grievous sin." Yet, whenever any of these clerical arch-nepotists had nephews or relations of their own to be educated, it was astonishing how quickly they "ascertained what Irishmen wanted."

Within something like seventeen years of Radical government in Ireland, Irish Catholics, the party of riot and plunder, of blood and revolution, have succeeded by all sorts of agitation and illegalities in wringing from weak and easily-duped British Ministers like yourself nearly £600,000, and now an

annuity of £42,000 for purely denominational purposes, while the loyal Church of Ireland within a similar period lost ten of her Sees and was stripped of most of her revenues.

And all this in face of some of the most remarkable facts recorded in history, and which it would be well for your Protestant (?) supporters in England to bear in mind. Originally a Church of the Roman type, planted in the pale and expanding its borders with the march of conquest, the now disestablished and voluntary Church of Ireland became Protestant only in the time of Elizabeth. Having started, as we presume it must have, on purely ritualistic lines after the Romish fashion, it has become at last, after many painful vicissitudes, by the Providence of God and by His Holy Scriptures, the true representative of the ancient, Celtic Irish Church of St. Patrick—the Church of imperishable glory, owing to its vast missionary labours in the ages succeeding the fall of the Roman Empire.

Again we ask: By whom was this University needed? By the upper, middle class Catholics? There are none. The "ranches" afford a negative proof of this contention. How is it possible that Catholic Ireland, admittedly poor and unable to meet its lawful demands in many departments of commercial life, needs a University like this? What are its uses? Will you come to Bristol and tell? Does it possess in every department of its equipment those intrinsic features, whereby it can guarantee to all comers a broad and generous course of training, suited to the requirements of

the age and free from that philosophic cant and contempt for modern culture, which the late Catholic Professor, Dr. Mivart, attempted to expose, and which has steadily undermined all other existing Catholic Universities from Salamanca to Fribourg? In the hands of priests, especially Jesuits, the value of University education becomes altogether impaired, because overladen with sinister surmises, false suggestions, false interpolations in history, false systems of philosophy, undue prejudices, clumsy methods of research, and the habit of curtailing personal liberty—all of which are controlling factors in the sacerdotal mind. Your dear friends, the Jesuits, Mr. Birrell, must run their University " coach " upon a narrow gauge, built upon the Vatican plan. They have no alternative. They have no minds for " sight-seeing " in the broad realm of independent thought, of sound doctrine, of modern scholarship. Their sole object must be the success, not of themselves individually, nor of their students, but of the Church; and to this end they must subordinate every other consideration. Above all, they must endeavour to eradicate from the minds of their students every idea likely to find realization in convictions and concrete action, opposed to Roman Catholic doctrines. Those who are best acquainted with the present trend of Jesuitical thought and the sinister dealings of the Jesuit order in the world of education, politics, science, and art, are in the habit of asserting in our magazines and elsewhere, that the entire fabric of Romish thought and learning, since the time of Thomas à Kempis, has undergone such

a complete change, that the uses of the Papal Church, as an educational and civilizing power, have gone for ever. The powerful impetus given by Rome to the cause of learning, when her monasteries were the recognised centres towards which some of the best intellects of the past had gravitated with an easy, Bohemian grace that came of a natural love of the humanities, is no longer possible in our day. For Rome has surrendered her right to educate even her own children in the higher branches of secular education by the intolerance and persecution, which she has displayed towards every form of enquiry into things appertaining to the Kingdom of God. The higher criticism, archæological research, and a multitude of forces at work in the domains of religion, science, and literature, have cast well-deserved ridicule upon her general doctrinal drivel. The cloven-footed monster that smiled upon the ashes of Cranmer in the dyke in front of Balliol, that invented the Inquisition and found her "bearings" in seas of blood, should not be reinstated by the most Protestant (?) Government since the days of Cromwell in her former luxuries and domination in any part of the King's dominions.

To the House of Commons and the country you vouchsafed the smiling assurance that the Jesuit University at Dublin was about to be founded on lines, similar to those of the German Universities. And then at the bidding of a sacerdotal clique, you, the representative of all that ample collection of known classes, genera and species, which at present beautify the *hortus siccus* of the

Radical party, proceeded forthwith to establish a University, which has the inalienable right through twenty-nine Catholic senators, as against seven Protestant puppets, to swamp the intellect of young Ireland in the abysmal groove of mediævalism.

What can such a University as this have in common with Continental seats of learning, like those at Leipzig and Giessen, Marburg and Berlin, Bonn and Heidelberg, where education is marked by all the distinguished traits of German thought and scholarship, as represented by Hamann and Herder, by Ritschl and Harnac? As the leader of theological thought in Germany, Harnac has always regarded the development of dogma, as a deleterious process of interfusion of Greek forms of thought with the Gospel message, culminating in the organized theology (Jesuitical) of Roman Catholicism.

The presence of seven Protestant puppets on your Jesuit senate affords no guarantee, whatsoever, that the best interests of the University shall be safeguarded. That, sir, is not the way to meet the difficulty; nor is it the way to put the Nonconformist bit in the mouth of the Jesuit "dragon" (Rev. 12, 9). Wtih seven Protestant puppets, a horde of Jesuits of home and foreign make, a theological College, Maynooth, a few miles away, founded by Peel and re-endowed by Gladstone after plundering the Irish Church in 1869 at a cost of £400,000, an initial outlay of £150,000, and an annuity of £42,000 — we have all the elements of a grim tragedy, so far as the Protestant religion in Ireland is concerned.

In the theatre of the National University, Dublin, we shall have the tragedy of "Proserpina" re-enacted with the spirits of all the patriots from "silken Thomas" to Joe Brady in the proscenium, and a few old Calvinistic Puritans on their knees in the wings, dressed in Vatican sheepskins fresh from the Alban Hills. The Protestant "mystic seven" shall be borne to the shades by the Irish Pluto, Cardinal Logue, never to find their resurrection.

Now, Mr. Birrell, allow me to introduce upon the scene Cardinal Logue, your friend and confidential adviser, in all that concerns the regeneration of Ireland by means of revolution and the disintegration of the Empire.

Enter Cardinal Logue!

New York, Tuesday, May 12th, 1908.

The World to-morrow will publish a remarkable interview with Cardinal Logue, in which the Primate of Ireland prophesies the dissolution of British power. The interview took place in the drawing-room of Archbishop Farley's residence last evening, in the presence of a notable gathering of clergymen of the archdiocese and Irishmen prominent in the civic and political activities of America.

"It is most gratifying to me," observed the Cardinal, "to notice that one of the greatset

factors for progress in this country has been the immigration of millions of sturdy and devoted sons and daughters of Ireland. England in her blind persecution of our people certainly did not foresee that they would build up on this side of the Atlantic an Ireland greater and more progressive than the little island of oppression.

"I well remember telling Mr. Forster, known in the early days of the Land League agitation as 'Buckshot' Forster, that I should not be surprised to see the *coup de grace* administered to England in her declining days by Irish-America.

"It may not be that such a world-event will take place in my time, but I see already signs of the certain dissolution of British power. Its Colonies are restive. Australia to-day is practically independent of the Mother Country, and the trend every moment is more and more in the direction of absolute rebellion. New Zealand is indifferent. Canada is enacting laws that show a desire to conduct her own business in her own way.

"In the great domain of the East Indies, Britain has not yet reached the point where insurrectionaries are shot to pieces from the cannon's mouth, as in the days of Cawnpore; but the fires of rebellion have been lighted, and they are hanging men and women for daring to counsel the never-dying doctrine of freedom. When England sits alone as the result of misgovernment of its life and its contributing possessions abroad, it will be a day of reckoning for the children of Gael, which they fought and prayed for."

The British nation, so often belied by Irish emigrants in their wild desire to impose upon trustful Americans friendly towards England, has much to learn from recalcitrant brandishers of the Gaelic tomahawk like Cardinal Logue. The passions, the fury, the boldness, the madness of these Irish filibusters make little or no impression on the minds and honest ways of Englishmen. One single Irish thong like Logue's, fashioned after that of Torquemada, can inflict no injury upon our solid position as Imperialists. It is but an aerial flight of Irish rhetoric, this of Cardinal Logue's—an easy mode of venting the priestly spleen and prejudices of a lifetime. His outburst came with no surprise to the many who are aware of the hostile attitude, assumed for long by this rebel priest towards English interests both at home and abroad. But we may ask the question: Is this man in earnest or is he but an irresponsible trifler with the feelings of his countrymen on foreign soil? Is he a sage or a fool or a charlatan? To know him exactly as he is would be difficult; for Irish rebel clerics have a way of concealing their real objects that cannot be reconciled with the fundamental principles of justice and of honour. The soiled mob of fanatics, that appreciated the prophetic utterances of this reviling and rebel ecclesiastic, made merry over the "approaching dissolution of British power." Their perverted minds, quick to accept with relish and even gratitude the tortuous spell of treason which this ill-bred Cardinal had woven around them, had been for a

lifetime the willing receptacles of hatred against England. And now the day of reckoning, which had been their chief thought and best consolation in the past, was at hand. The Thames would soon be on fire; Buckingham Palace would be turned into garages for the New York Bowery boys; Big Ben would be transferred from Westminster to College Green. It is painful reading, this diatribe of the Irish Cardinal, and wears the aspect of an insensate piece of Maynooth declamation, having behind it a boundless amount of personal conceit. The simplest Irishman in New York would have known that the "patriotism," displayed on this occasion by Cardinal Logue, was but the expression of treasonable and revolutionary principles, which are usually disseminated by disloyal and cowardly Irishmen in the United States. In America the amplitude of one's "views" has a better chance of obtaining recognition, owing to the tolerance extended even to Papal showmen and Irish separatists, like Cardinal Logue, in the name of American liberty. The climax of indecency in political utterance can be fully reached over there by every Nationalist bagman and priestly tripper, whose mission is to sponge on servant girls in the sacred names of religion and patriotism.

The great circle of Colonial discontent, which the Cardinal went abroad to widen, and which he has extravagantly outlined, as indicating the approaching realization of the hopes of his countrymen at home and abroad, is not discernible by those, who have at heart the real interests of those federal

daughter-lands, whose genius for self-government has been nurtured by feelings of loyalty and affection towards the Mother Country and the English throne. The high Imperial status which England enjoys to-day, as a unique glory among the nations of the world—a glory which is the natural outcome of the British character, which, itself, has been moulded by the power of the Bible, has already extended and imparted to the Colonies a political stability, as well as a commercial and Imperial prospect that shall render them for ever happy and content.

But what consummate skill it must have required on the part of even a Papal sophist to brand those Colonies with Fenian tar, and mesmerize Irish-Americans into the belief that a handful of drunken "Bowery boys" and toss-pots from Armagh, morally inferior to Chinese opium-suckers, are likely to administer the *coup de grace* to England! Get thee behind me, Satan! The present generation of Celts in the wind-swept prairies of the West, or in the slums of Chicago and other great cities of the American Republic, are not concerned about the destruction of the British Empire. But many of them see in the vapid utterances of this Irish Cardinal an invitation to sink their hopes as well as their money in the Church of Rome, and to return to Ireland and support that Church with the fruits of their trials and hardships in exile. The evasion of his serious responsibilities both to Church and State marks this Irish cleric as an adventurer, who

seeks to seduce his own countrymen from peaceful pursuits and from an integrity which is their best asset in the American Republic, and to lead them into the perilous paths of revolution. No Christian man, let alone a minister of the Gospel, having any regard for the temporal and spiritual interests of those Irish exiles, could be guilty, as Cardinal Logue is guilty, of attempting to renew ancient feuds by picturing the near destruction of the British Empire, and silencing amid rebel cries the voice of charity and goodwill among men. The passions of the few, who imbibe revolutionary doctrines administered by men like Logue, often become a destructive power to themselves, and are often seen in backward places in Ireland in the persons of returned Irish-Americans, who have lost every vestige of their faith and love of country.

The conduct of the heterogeneous mob of Irish Separatists, that reeked with treason and applauded the Cardinal, should be remembered by the British electorate. The slime of Catholic treason and hatred of Great Britain and her laws and institutions is clearly seen by us, in the light of experience and of history, as the natural product of a Church, which has always sought in the past to disturb international peace, in order that her own turgid ambitions might be realized by the recovery of temporal power in Italy and by the destruction of Protestanism in Ireland. It was not the Holy Ghost, but the demon of destruction, St. Dominick, who opened the mouth of Cardinal Logue in New York, when he, speaking as a Celtic leader, pro-

phesied the downfall of England. The " pros and cons " of Ireland are the " pros and cons " of the Church of Rome; and you cannot distinguish between them.

" That accomplished rascal, Pope Alexander VI., who gave the Cardinal's hat to Paul III., that he might the more readily seduce Paul's sister, had had his inspiration from precisely the same source whence yours came, Cardinal Logue, when you told a League of Catholic rebels in New York, that the ' trend everywhere in the Colonies is more and more in the direction of absolute rebellion.' Rejoice, thou coward, in the possession of qualities which are your 'right' through Apostolic succession, and continue to silence the voice of conscience, when it protests against your duplicity and reminds you of your secret interviews over the University question with Mr. Birrell, a Minister (!) of the British Crown. Your perfervid oratory, which amounts to a Te Deum over the ' grave ' of the British Empire, has been inspired by the same spirit by which your brother priest had been inspired, concerning the massacre of Protestants at Scullabogue. It is not the fall of the British Empire, but that of the Church of Rome which we hope is imminent, and which serves to inspire us to further endeavours in the cause of Protestantism and of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland. Surely thou art a vain boaster ! But the proud boasting of your spiritual fathers, the Popes, to destroy the liberty of the English people in the 16th century by threats of eternal punishment had nothing better

behind them than forged decretals, a debauched clergy, and innumerable Papal concubines, whom the 'holy fathers' fondled in cloisters and 'absolved' in the confessional. The peace of former centuries had often been broken by Papal firebrands like unto you, whose leanings are not after the gentle ways of the Pale Galilean, but after those of the bloated, Vatican thaumaturgists, who prompted vandalism in Italy during centuries of warfare between the Guelfs and Ghibellines. The warrior Popes, who embittered successive generations of Irishmen against English rule, and who had cast with Satanic genius the purgatorial pall over the heart of unhappy Ireland, represented a 'dynasty' for which you are seeking support among rebel Irishmen in New York. Thou chosen ambassador of Irish Separatists, thou mouther of lies and sedition, your generation shall take you at your word. Thou art friendly towards the poor only when their hearts get the better of their heads, and they give you their all for the erection of cathedrals among the Irish bogs. Thou cleric, whose mind is saturated with the immoral leakages from other people's souls in the confessional, your seditious utterances shall be remembered by us, who know something of the irreparable wrongs, heartlessly inflicted upon the Irish by priestly tyranny and by a form of Paganism, that masquerades as Christianity. Go; get out!"

You had better concern yourself for the future, Mr. Birrell, with practical politics, which aim at reforms of a non-sectarian and Imperial character.

Those generous and sympathetic qualities of yours, which appeal to Irish Separatists, may not occupy a very large share of your real character; but they are sufficient to establish dangerous precedents and to provoke further political excitement. The best remedy for Irish grievances shall be found, as we are inclined to think you know very well, not in Parliamentary Bills and details of law, not in the abrogation of the "Act of Union," and the smashing of the last link between England and Ireland, but in the reformation of Romish altars. The power and mandates of the "Holy" Inquisition, still operative in Spain, though not in Portugal, and strongly desired by Dr. Clancy for the destruction of Protestantism and Freemasonry in Ireland, must be invalidated by the Irish clergy themselves, through their allegiance to Scriptural truth and their ministerial obedience to Christ alone. The whole nation is in a spiritual trance; and the turbulence of this present time is largely an index to the great spiritual sorrow which lies close to the heart of unhappy Ireland. The multitude of anti-Scriptural doctrines, which even Gladstone had declared often enough were incompatible with loyalty to the Sovereign, are in Ireland a constant source of moral degradation and political turpitude. For, the sinister influence of those doctrines, when expounded in the windy rhetoric and academic style, that now obtains in your new University, fogs the brains of Irish Separatists and hypnotizes their souls. Wholly irresponsible for their religious beliefs, and incap-

able of exerting their own consciences towards individual consecration either to God or country, the members of the Irish Parliamentary Party very possibly endeavour to find, on the strength of American dollars in London, some sort of relaxation from the sordid system and depressing atmosphere of Romanism in their own country.

Constant dissipation, then, of this dream of national independence and of the spiritual nightmare of Rome is what your "chosen people," the Irish Separatists, want. And this can be best effected by your pointing out to them the cause of England's greatness and of Scotland's prosperity. You can tell them, for instance (Catholics are bad historians), how in the 16th century the Romish Henry emancipated his people from the yoke of the Papacy, and bore down all opposition by the sheer strength of his cause; how the hey-day of Presbyterianism had arrived in Scotland, and with it an extension of political and spiritual liberty; how the fruits of commerce under the new régime had fascinated the French Bourbons and made them long, like Henry of Navarre, for a similar "pastoral" equipment; how in castle and in cottage the Apostles' doctrines became the foundation of domestic and national peace; how homes became "churches," and plain men, like your own father, became "priests"; how the reign of Christ supplanted that of an infamous Pope; how the vistas of eternity, so long "peopled" in the popular imagination by "saints" of nebulous sanctity, were cleared of their rubbish; how the

entire fabric of mediæval Rome looked under the searching light of the new revelation that came in with the Renaissance; and, above all, how tolerance, which is a sure sign of New Testament Christianity, has marked upon every continent the growth and expansion of the British Empire. Go; get out!

CHAPTER XII

HOME RULE

"My opinion is, that the closest connexion between Great Britain and Ireland is essential to the well-being, I had almost said to the very being, of the two kingdoms. For that purpose I humbly conceive that the whole of the superior, and what I should call Imperial, politics ought to have its residence here in London; and that Ireland, locally, civilly, and commercially independent, ought politically to look up to Great Britain in all matters of peace or war; in all those points to be guided by her; and, in a word, with England to live and with England to die. At bottom Ireland has no other choice; I mean no other rational choice. I think, indeed, that Great Britain would be ruined by the separation of Ireland; but, as there are degrees even in ruin, it would fall the most heavily on Ireland.

"If ever the Church and Constitution of England should fall in these islands (and they will fall together), it is not Presbyterian discipline nor

Popish hierarchy that will rise upon their ruins. It is the new fanatical religion, now in the heat of its first ferment, of the rights of man (Socialism), which rejects all establishments, all discipline, all ecclesiastical and, in truth, all civil order, which will triumph, and which will lay prostrate your Church; which will destroy your distinctions, and which will put all your properties to auction, and disperse you over the earth. If the present establishment should fall, it is this religion which will triumph in England and in Ireland as it has triumphed in France."—*Burke.*

"In the year 1845 there were few great things left in England, and the Church was one. Nor do I now doubt that if, a quarter of a century ago, there had arisen a Churchman equal to the occasion, the position of ecclesiastical affairs in this country would have been very different from that which they now occupy. But these great matters fell into the hands of monks and schoolmen; and little more than a year after the publication of Coningsby, the secession of Dr. Newman dealt a blow to the Church of England under which it still reels. That extraordinary event has been 'apologized' for, but has never been explained. It was a mistake and a misfortune. The tradition of the Anglican Church was powerful. Resting on the Church of Jerusalem, modified by the divine school of Galilee, it would have found that rock of truth which Providence, by the instrumentality of the Semitic race, had promised to St. Peter. Instead of that, the seceders sought refuge in mediæval superstitions, which are generally only

the embodiments of Pagan ceremonies and creeds." —*Beaconsfield*, from Preface to *Lothair*.

"I cannot trust the peace and interests of Ireland, north and south, to the Irish Parliamentary Party, to whom the Government propose now to make a general surrender. My six years' experience of them, of their language in the House of Commons, and of their deeds in Ireland makes it impossible for me to consent to hand over to them the property and rights of 5,000,000 of the Queen's subjects, our countrymen in Ireland. Two millions at least are as loyal as the population of your own town, and I will be no party to a measure which will thrust them from the generosity and justice of the United and Imperial Parliament."—*Bright, at Rochdale, 1886.*

Chiefly owing to considerations of an Imperial character, the gravest importance must now be attached by Unionists to the present demand of the Irish Parliamentary Party for the legislative independence of Ireland. The line of thought by which one is led to anything like an understanding of this whole question is unhappily of a kind one would wish to remove from the mind altogether. For, from beginning to end, it is blurred by the effects of international, racial, and religious animosities that have scarcely any parallel in the everlasting political warfare of the world. And our foremost thought about Ireland is surely one of pity; for her name is a glorious one where Imperial tasks and high commitments have been the portion of her soldiers and statesmen.

The names of Burke and Sheridan, Flood and

Grattan, Wellington, Roberts, and Kitchener would suffice to illumine the pages of any history. But Ireland's own careful husbanding of aspirations, which only tend towards perennial attempts at revolution, is due to the spurning hatred which she has long conceived for even the semblance of English rule. And this state of things is primarily due to the great arch-conspirators of the 18th century, who had hoped with the support of American money to effect the conquest of England by a French army; and its continuance to this very hour is to be attributed to the action of similar conspirators, who by means of foreign gold are hoping to destroy the Anglican Church and Constitution. In 1796, after a two years' sojourn in America, Wolfe Tone and his Papist confederates had purposely leagued themselves with Continental visionaries, mercenaries, and the cut-throats of Jacobin clubs, in order to introduce into Ireland the principles of foreign revolution, and thus to consolidate all the worst and most unpatriotic elements in that country into a secret, semi-military force, whose power and ambition have been periodically disclosed, first under Smith O'Brien; again under Stephens; once more under Parnell; and now under the Redmonds.

The generation, that had witnessed the genius of Burke transcend all party politics for the good of empire, had also seen the infamous Dr. Price, the leader of English Nonconformity, engaged in making secret overtures to French revolutionaries, in order that he might introduce into English political life those seeds of anarchy, which have borne the present Radical crop. It is to the political

descendants of Price, who are now in league with Irish Catholic rebels for the destruction of everything which patriotic Englishmen and Irish loyalists hold dear, that we wish to point out some interesting facts.

Throughout the whole of the latter half of the 19th century the majority of Irish Catholics had been specially trained from early childhood by priests, parents, and schoolmasters in a groove of utmost hostility towards English customs and traditions, and to act in a way, that indicated a fanatical and ruinous attachment to one form of government only, temporal as well as spiritual, that of Rome. Even now the idols of that Church are being so deeply etched into the heart of unhappy Ireland by the sorcerous hand of Jesuitry in the new University, that one wonders why even the political descendants of Price can dare, in the face of English Conservative and Protestant opinion, to attempt such a grave constitutional change as Home Rule would involve. Even Gladstone, the great Radical squirrel, had asserted over and over again, that Romanism is incompatible with loyalty to the throne of any Protestant monarch. How, then, can a people, so utterly prostrate as Irish Catholics are at the feet of a mediæval foreign monarch, utilize for the national good, irrespective of creed and class, the privileges of the self-government they seek? Priestly tyranny has never yet co-existed, nor can it co-exist with the growth and expansion of the highest form of human liberty; for the highest form of human liberty is only attainable in spheres where New Testament ideals

are realized for social and national good; and such social and national good is not discernible in that portion of the history of Ireland now under review.

But, says our Radical critic, "Irish Catholics under home governments in the Colonies are loyal and worthy of liberty; therefore, why should they not be the same in Ireland?" It is an old argument, but possesses no merit.

The good sense of each of our Colonial nations provides popular checks against sectarian arrogance, which might conceivably prove detrimental to the public weal. National rectitude and the consequent moral suasion of a healthy, public opinion have always had an admirable effect upon the character and disposition of Irish Catholics, when partially weaned in the Colonies from their unnatural attachment to Rome.

In India, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Canda, or by the "Swanee River," the Catholic stock breeds a hardier race, gifted with a more solemn trust in moral and social progress and religions tolerance, than can be expected in Ireland, where every contracted bad habit is generally the result of traditional indifference to all those sound economic and spiritual conditions that make for personal worth and national prosperity. Irish Catholics may and do lose their latitude in seas of political turmoil at home, because their pilots are always men of doubtful character; but abroad they have got to sustain by wise, independent thought and profitable industry their position as citizens, without troubling much to emphasize their allegiance to old Celtic shibboleths and battle-cries.

Brave at home through the intoxication of political crime and excitement, the Irishman is often beaten to his knees by hard, solid facts abroad. The scorn of England which is in his blood by heredity never breaks out into revolutionary scabs in Canada, nor itches him into the commission of agrarian outrage; because he is met at every turn by the healthy, industrious, and creative genius of those whose fathers, like themselves, were the embodiment of Colonial power and Colonial loyalty. The halting attitude that distinguishes the Celt at home in his search after individual independence, and which makes him accept any half-measure that suits his needy circumstances, he finds to be unprofitable abroad; for it unfits him for social and national service. The dry old bones of Celtic fable and tradition have never had any sentimental effect upon the minds of the Canadian Irish. Like everybody else, they have got to slay their idols there and to chivalrously adhere to the new order of government; not as a mark of their " patrician " favour, but simply to avoid embarrassments and to live in peace. Their notions of loyalty are hatched upon a new straw, and the natural curl of their lips indicates a change in their minds, that opens up new conceptions of the character of the English race and of its pioneer power for the good of mankind. They dwell in a new land where sobriety, not sacerdotalism, is the best chastening influence; and where a feeling of brotherly love, independent of class and creed, is seen in the institution of societies which aim at cohesion in everything that concerns social welfare and loyalty to the

Empire. This is the kind of State that makes freemen of Irish slaves, that burns the fire of true patriotism into their little souls, that redeems all their worthless pledges to priests and agitators by the recompense of profitable industry, that strengthens their " weak knees " and pumps their false hearts dry of the " wathery " elements of Separatist vanity. Thus they become children of a new mother, citizens of a new world where hard toil is a mercy; for it helps to stamp out a fatalism which demands constant surrender of the Celtic manhood. The toils of an unedifying priestcraft once gone, the Catholic Irishman begins to understand that life has something better to offer him than the faked results of the perpetual sacrifice of his intellect and higher self at Romish altars; and he often shows signs of the change abroad by coming to terms with what he formerly hated. He resigns himself no longer to the myths and dreams of Papal and Irish history, but to the *status quo* within his own environment, and that means loyalty to constituted authority. While he kneels at a Canadian altar, the prayer of his heart can no longer be the outcome of animosity towards England; a better feeling expresses itself in his resignation to the orderly life in which he knows God has placed him; and he finds therein new purposes and a fresh standard of living, which, if faithfully followed, shall mould his citizenship in the groove of loyalty. In Canada he cannot separate himself from the structure of society, which has been scientifically reared through years of labour and political foresight, and which stands permanently there in our

" Lady of the Snows " upon the basis of an ancient faith, an implicit belief in the wise, if not divine character, of the English monarchy. In Canada the sublime and the ridiculous in politics and social life run at different tangents, and wealth is generally proportioned according to personal service and good citizenship.

Varieties of race there are, but, instead of being a hindrance, they help towards their own consolidation by a generous obedience to law and a generous contribution towards every enterprise that makes for the common weal. Canadian Catholics, therefore, have everything to gain by an attachment to English institutions; and they are wise enough to see the folly of their kindred at home, when the latter employ, during the course of political agitation, means that are subversive of civil order. With a wider experience than their brethren in Ireland, the Canadian Irish know very well, that the best service which they can render their native land is to be content under English rule.

To return to Ireland. The Sassenach is still a term of opprobrium in every Irish hamlet, and little courtesy is extended to anyone whose better nature rises superior to prejudice, and to the insincerity and lack of knowledge of what should be the true relationship between the peoples of Great Britain and Ireland. The ignorant multitude, who listen to the harangues of demagogues, and with brazen face repel every attempt on the part of honourable men, like Lord Dunraven, to effect reconciliation along purely constitutional lines, and to bring about

a permanent, international understanding, have no mind for reasonable compromise. They only want continual embarrassments, in order to feed animosities, and thus share at last in the "fruits" of revolution and general plunder. In Ireland the "man in the street" is much more of a political abortion than his brother in England. The lie is always ready to the lips of the former without any definite purpose or honourable thought in his heart towards the English connexion; the latter has been lately subject to many disturbing influences, all contending for undue mastery over his will, till he is now compelled to find some definite pathway for himself and to make a firm resolve to use his citizenship, consistently with patriotism and self-respect. For the day is not far distant when the crisis which is now gripping England, because of her own past neglect of her real interests in Ireland, shall be greatly accentuated by further strife and internecine feuds, unless the law, as it now stands, is rendered paramount there by its firm execution and by the impartial display of religious tolerance. And why should Ireland be allowed, at the instigation of foreign fanatics, criminals, and even some hostile nations, to constantly bully the peace-loving, industrious English people, and to threaten to overwhelm the Empire in disaster by the destruction of the Constitution, if Irish claims for an independent Parliament be not granted? It is surely a monstrous issue, this, which is now being sprung upon the British electorate, by a vain and impecunious horde of caballers, whose hold upon "the affections" of their own people

can only be accounted for in the last degree by a fatal lack of perception on the part of the "sorry lot" as to the true interests and real destiny of their country. In Catholic Ireland to-day there are no prophets left, who are capable of removing from the popular vision the falsehoods and the dreary mass of social and political embarrassments, that weigh like a dreadful nightmare upon the bosom of the country. Red-handed with the blood of agrarian crime, and both physically and mentally corrupted by long protracted efforts at all kinds of revolution, the Irish Nationalist "yeomen" cannot undertake in an orderly and peaceful manner even the duties which have lately devolved upon them in their own municipal and local affairs. All the substrata of their social and religious life, layer upon layer, root upon root, are thoroughly disloyal and inflamed with passions, antagonistic to the higher purposes of independent, national life. The Irish "demagogue" is not merely dangerous to the State; his very presence is mischievous to society; for his stock-in-trade is falsehood, and his constant aim the undermining of all law through a process of sedition and revolution. . . . . .

Printed by Thos. Hunter, Watson & Co., Ltd., Dumfries.

DRANE'S POPULAR SHILLING BOOKS

MY WIFE AND I. By Riso Levi. Pictorial covers, **1s.** net.

'Those who enjoy a good laugh will find plenty of congenial entertainment in "My Wife and I," by Riso Levi.'—*Daily Telegraph.*

'Has a charm of its own. . . . No doubt it is intended to be humorous, and it is; but what strikes one most of all is its reality.'—*Sportsman.*

BITTERSWEETS By Mabel C. Brown. Limp cloth, **1s.**

'Not fiction of the ordinary kind, but graceful apologies in optimism.'—*Scotsman.*

'Three prettily told stories. . . . Well worth reading.'—*Church of England Pulpit.*

OUTLAWED. The first popular novel dealing with the Women's Suffrage Question. By Mrs Despard and Mabel Collins (Mrs Keningale Cook). Apart from an excellent and original plot, the book contains a vivid description of Mrs Despard's prison experiences and observations. **1s.** net.

'The Suffrage movement has now arrived at its literature.'

'The pages of this book thrill with intrigue, romance, injustice, and murder. It is this same murder that gives Mrs Despard her great opportunity. . . . In her story of prison life she is particularly interesting.'—*Daily Express.*

THE PREMIER AND THE SUFFRAGETTE. Pictorial paper boards. Price **1s.** net. By Napier Hawke.

In this novel Mr Napier Hawke, who has sprung so dramatically upon the English public—armed cap-á-pie—like Minerva from the head of Jove—deals with the great social problem of the present day—Poverty. The plan he proposes for its alleviation and final extinction not only possesses the merit of originality, but is evidently the only feasible method, namely, the establishment of a system of Exchange between nations (beginning with England and her colonies) by which Production may be carried on *ad infinitum.* Incidentally, the author's proposals render the Female Franchise movement unnecessary, and it collapses accordingly.

London: HENRY J. DRANE, Farringdon St., E.C.

THE SIMPLE LIFE. By J. JACQUES. Price **1s.**

THE M'CLUSKEY TWINS. By JAMES LOGAN, B.A. Illustrated cover. Crown 8vo. **1s.**

'Nothing quite so good since "Wee Macgreegor."'

A rare good shillingsworth is this bright narrative of the unheavenly doings and sayings of that terrible pair of girls. . . . Quite good fun.'—*Daily Express.*

'Very amusing.'—*Missionary Herald.*

'Sure to captivate. . . . Most realistic and the genuine Irish humour which pervades every chapter adds to its attractiveness. Our advice is; buy it!—*Ballymena Observer.*

'True to life, excellent in humour and satire. . . . Very amusing —*Witness.*

'We assure our readers that they will miss much innocent amusement if they neglect to read of the sayings and doings of Mr Logan's far from "heavenly" twins.'—*Irish Presbyterian.*

'Genuinely interesting and realistic. . . . This little book should be widely read.'—*Northern Whig.*

OLD THANE'S MUMMY. By DENTON SPENCER, *President of the Violet League.* Crown 8vo. Pictorial cover. Price **1s.**

'It is a lively, fantastic story, cleverly conceived and brightly written. It should not lack a share of popularity. Price 1s.'—*Scotsman.*

A WILD ROSE. By MAY LITCHFIELD. Illustrated by W. N. SHILLINGFORD. With twenty-five full-page coloured pictures. Pretty floral cover. Price **1s.**

'It contains a prettily written story.'—*Scotsman.*

'It is a charming booklet, which will be welcomed heartily in the nurseries.'—*Liverpool Courier.*

'Very prettily got up.'—*Bookseller.*

'It will be a first favourite with little folk.'—*Dundee Advertiser.*

London: HENRY J. DRANE, Farringdon St., E.C.

JEST AND EARNEST. A series of sketches. By "LUL PALOR." Illustrated cover. Price **1s.**

STANDERTON UNDER MARTIAL LAW. By EMILY OLIVIA CAROLIN. Price **1s.**

SMILES FROM THE SUBURBS. By R. H. ROBERTS. Price **1s.**

'The stories, numbering fourteen, are brimful of humour. There is wit, cleverness, and originality in every page.'—*Dundee Courier.*

'Light, frivolous, and whimsical, the sketches will make an hour pass pleasantly.'—*Scotsman.*

ROBERTS' BILLIARD LIFE. Edited by "VIVID." Illustrated. Some weird tales of billiard life. Price **1s.** net.

BEETHOVEN. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. Authorised translation by FRED ROTHWELL. Price **1s.** net.

HELEN POLSKA'S LOVER. By ADOLPHE DANZIGER. Coloured paper cover, **1s.** net.

The British Times and Mirror says: 'Not only a most entertaining picture of manners and life in Poland, but a story of real interest.'

DON'T SWEAR. Lessons in Patience by JOB II. Price **1s.**

IN THE LAND OF THE DIM DISTANCE. By Mrs HALLAM SANDERSON. Price **1s.**

THAT GIRL. By JOHN RENDER. Price **1s.**

MERELY PROVINCIAL AND ETCETERAS. By A. C. MASON. Price **1s.**

London: HENRY J. DRANE, Farringdon St., E.C.

WHITE ROSE LEAVES. By Emily Richings (Author of "Sir Walter's Wife," etc., etc., etc. Crown 8vo. Cloth extra. Price **6s.**

This romance contains the tragic record of Queen Elizabeth Wydvile's troubled life, in one of the most eventful ages of our national history. A love story between one of the court scribes and a lady-in-waiting serves as the thread, binding together the facts of a career marked by deep sorrows and cruel wrongs, suffered with noble endurance and unexampled fortitude. The statements regarding Queen and Court, and the alleged conditions of English life—especially in the Eastern Counties—have been carefully verified by contemporary documents—the chronicles of Norfolk proving a fruitful field from whence accurate information may be gleaned from lawsuits, private correspondence, wardrobe accounts, and city archives.

The British Museum and Record Office embalm the priceless memories which serve as the background of the Fifteenth Century picture. Love and loyalty, courage and faith, shone out in undying lustre from the darkness of a rude and violent age, which strained their invincible power to the utmost limit. The heavenly light irradiating heart and conscience, though often burning dimly through the prevailing gloom, was never entirely extinguished, and the collapse of the social fabrics in the Fifteenth Century provided material for reconstruction, and initiated the dawn of a brighter day.

"Readers who are fond of a historical romance . . . will find their own in Emily Riching's interesting story, 'White Rose Leaves.'"—*Scotsman.*

"Accurate and life-like. . . Will be appreciated."—*The People.*

"Crowded with interesting details and rich in colour."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

THE PLAYER. By B. M. Fisher. Crown 8vo. Cloth extra. Price **6s.**

"The Player" is a story divided into three parts. The first deals with the hero's concluding schooldays—wasted in playing many practical jokes.

The second part describes his vain efforts to earn his own living in London; while in the third he meets with a great adventure, on the crest of which, bruised and despairing, he is carried back to his own people and country.

London: HENRY J. DRANE, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Having played with life, and been played with by life, heedless John finally realises that tbe world is not an oyster to be prized open by a jester's frail bauble. So, earnestly and humbly, he turns over a new leaf, and in the end wins for himself a true helpmate, and the respect of his fellow men.

"Strikingly original and briskly interesting."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

"Related with gusto and spirit. . . . Pleasantly told."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"An unusual type, written especially for those standing on the threshold of life."—*Review of Reviews.*

"Wonderfully attractively written. . . . It is excellent in every way."—*Western Morning News.*

"Decidedly amusing. What happened must be left to the readers to discover for themselves."—*B. S. H. Gazette.*

ZENOBIA. By W. S. Rock. Crown 8vo. Price 6s.

"A mystical story assuming the doctrine of reincarnation and accepting the teachings of esoteric Buddhism."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

"Its idealism is noble and suggestive."—*Dundee Courier.*

"Certainly it is a very strange story. The author has furnished a fascinating story."—*Manchester Courier.*

MY WIFE SAYS. By J. Henry Harris (Author of "Esther's Pilgrimage," "Saint Porth," "Cornish Saints and Sinners," etc., etc. Crown 8vo. Cloth extra. Price 6s.

FIRST PRESS OPINIONS.

"She is a douce, sensible, downright and voluble body."—*The Times.*

"nteresting for the imaginative skill with which the chapters paint familiar types of character. . . . A good book."—*Scotsman.*

"'My Wife' is, in fact, a worthy successor to Mrs. Caudle."—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

"A modern and humanised Mrs. Caudle."—*Sportsman.*

"When she begins to talk again we are quite ready to listen to her."—*The People.*

"It will be thoroughly enjoyed, and does its writer great credit."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

"Good banter, lasting through two hundred and -three pages . . . save a dull dinner party. If we were treating of a sauce, we should call it quant."—*Morning Post.*

"'My Wife' is just a very womanly woman, fond of prattle and innocent gossip, and, at times, just a little delightfully inconsistent and thoughtless. n this record of 'evening chats' we seem to get to know her quite well, and it is with real regret that we say good-bye. What she really says and just how she says it, is not for us to reveal here. That is a pleasure in store for the future readers of the book, who should be many."—*Clapham Observer.*

"The book is amusingly provocative—just like the scolding, cantankerous, and lovable woman who prodded her husband until he made headway in his profession and was able to raise the standard of family comfort. But every busy man of somewhat indolent temperament (like myself) will sympathise with the final word of the husband in parenthesis—('But the increased work put an end for a time to our evening chats, and I sometimes think I am the poorer after all.') Yes, success has its price, and so has this book, which can be had for 6s. from the publishers."—*Cornish Telegraph.*

London: HENRY J. DRANE, Farringdon Street, E.C.

MY FACSIMILE; or, Isa's Story. By Florence B. Allcock. Crown 8vo. Cloth extra. Price **6s.**

The story of two girl cousins who are brought up in totally different spheres of life. The one is stolen from her mother when almost a baby by a ne'er-do-well father, and brought up in a travelling circus till she is about seven years old, when, at her father's death, a youth in the company, named Dick Randall, out of pique to the proprietor, gets her away, and though he never loses sight of her, he leaves her at the door of a lodge, where she is found and eventually adopted by the man and woman living there, and afterwards by their mistress, a wealthy American widow.

The other girl is brought up by her grandmother, and lives at a cottage in the heart of the country. At the death of the latter, the girl takes a post in London as a Board School mistress. Dick Randall, who develops into a young man of a shady character, happens to come across her path, and, to serve his own ends, through his studied machinations, the two girls are eventually brought together, when the resemblance to each other is so marked, the identity of the one can only be proved by the girl's own mother.

REBELS. By Edgar Frere. Crown 8vo. Price **6s.**

"Mr. Edgar Frere is a new novelist to me, but his story "Rebels" is very good, and interesting enough to make one desire his better acquaintance. "Rebels" is full of good things, well put. The story chiefly deals with the search of a girl—compelled to earn her own living—for employment, and the trouble she had in finding it, and of the adventures by flood and field experienced by her lover. If "Rebels" is Mr. Frere's first novel, one will await his next with considerable interest."—*The Pelican.*

"An interesting novel, well written, with an excellent plot and a pretty love vein running through it. A story worth reading."—*Bristol Times.*

"'Rebels' is 'a rare story.' Mr. Frere has set out to give his readers something interesting."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

"Amusing and convincing. . . ."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"He gives us a typical sketch of love that did not run too smoothly for a worthy man and a still worthier woman."—*W. Morning News.*

London: HENRY J. DRANE, Farringdon Street, E.C.

BC819872

ROME AND GERMANY:

THE PLOT FOR

The Downfall of Britain.

By "WATCHMAN."

Second Edition, 376pp., Demy 8vo, cloth extra, Price 2/6 nett; or, in paper cover, Price 1/- nett.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"This is a startling book, but one that should be read. The author's statements regarding the designs of Germany are all taken from trustworthy sources, and chapter and verse are invariably given. We do not think that Englishmen as a rule are aware of the facts that are here stated Many persons have asked the question again and again why Germany for some years past has shown so much ill-feeling towards this country, and why there should be so much bitterness. 'Watchman's' explanation is that Rome is at work in the matter—the facts adduced are worthy the attention of all our countrymen. 'Watchman' writes as one who has mastered his subject, and his book is one that should be brought to the front, and it would be well if a copy were placed in reading-rooms and public libraries in this land and in our colonies."—*English Churchman.*

"The volume presents in a most ingenious fashion a systematic conspiracy on the part of the Jesuits to destroy the very foundations of our national life. This mighty and secret order has concentrated its illimitable resources, first upon the corruption, and then upon the conquest of Protestant Great Britain. And in this the Jesuits are ably seconded by their German ally. Our press, our politicians and our religious bodies are being made, either conscious, or unconscious instruments in hastening the coming *debacle*. It is a startling indictment, and the industry with which confirmative evidence has been secured is truly amazing."—*The Outlook.*

HENRY J. DRANE, Danegeld House, 82a, Farringdon St., E.C.